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APRIL.

BY A. H. B.

The green buds swell, the apple-blossoms blush,
The amber cowslips shake their nodding bells
Amid the meadow-grass; the white-throat tunes
His carol from the neighboring juniper;
All feathered minstrels from the hazel copse
The advent hail of Spring.

The rippling brook
O'er the gray pebbles darts and murmurs soft,
And 'neath the outer-boughs the giant trout
Basks, whilst his sides their pearl and opal show,
Tanned in the radiance of an April morn.

Whistles the farm-boy, blithe, as through the mead
He takes his easy way, turning a straw
Lazily 'twixt his lips. And pail on head
The ruddy milkmaid seeks the lowing kine,
Singing as on she goes. The barn-yard cock,
Proud Sultan Chanticleer, in royal plumes,
Struts, as he loud to his seraglio calls;
And speckled matrons, all aglow with pride
Of new-made motherhood, scratch, clucking round,
To feed their yellow broods.

Sunshine and shower,
Shower and sunshine! Thus it is in life,
As on an April day; no cloud so black
But has its silver side—no day so fair
But has its darkening cloud: bright Iris spans
O'er the horizon of the tear-dimmed sky,
With rosy hand, her many colored arc,
Ruby and emerald and amethyst,
Blue sapphire tint, and yellow topaz glow,
And sunny April smiles amid her tears,
As smiles a mother, when, her peril past,
She clasps her new-born darling to her breast.

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"THAT does not matter," said Claire. "I suppose you allude to the old wing?"

"Yes," he assented.

"That is almost unoccupied," said Claire, "and you are quite at liberty to examine it."

"Thank you," he said, again. "I should like to do so, some day, when there is no chance of my being a nuisance. I will wish you good night now, Miss Sartoris."

They went into the hall together; and Claire suddenly remembered, and said—

"Oh! if you'll wait a moment, I will fetch the key for you."

She disappeared; and, left alone, he stood with his hands behind him, and looked round the hall with the quick, comprehensive glance of an artist. Then he turned his eyes and watched her as she came down the stairs.

The beauty of her face, the grace and refinement of her figure, seemed exquisitely appropriate to their surroundings. She had thrust the diamond spray into her hair, as if glad to get it back, and under this her eyes shown softly, and with a half-pleased, though grave, expression. An old iron key hung upon her white forefinger.

"There is the key," she said. "I hope you will find the chapel interesting enough to repay you for the trouble of a visit."

"Thank you," he said, once again; "I will send the key back." And, with another "good night," he went out.

Claire stood where he had left her for quite a couple of minutes. She seldom met strangers, and visitors were very rare indeed at the Court, and this adventure—for it might almost be called an adventure—was an event in her life. She recalled his face and his manner, the first so handsome, the latter so full of a kind of pride and frank brusqueness.

Suddenly it occurred to her that he had been rather magisterial with her; he had scolded her, or almost scolded her. And she—had she not been rather too free with a perfect stranger? At the thought the color rose to her pale face. She returned to the drawing room, and, in answer to Mrs. Lexton's glance of interrogation, said—

"It was someone to see me on—business." She broke off with a smile. "Oh! I'd better tell you Mary! I had lost my spray, and it was found by this young man who brought it."

Mrs. Lexton laughed.

"My dear Claire! You had really lost it? How lucky to get it again—and so soon! What a terrible temptation to anybody finding it! What was the young man like? What is his name?"

"Oh! he is—just a young man. His name is Gerald Wayre."

"Do you know him?

"No," said Claire.

She was going to say, "I have never seen him before," but remembered the scene in the woods, and stopped.

"He must be very honest," said Mrs. Lexton. "That ornament must be worth a couple of hundred dollars."

Claire flushed slightly.

"He is a gentleman; at least, I think so."

Mrs. Lexton looked at her curiously.

"I mean that though he was not well dressed—his clothes were not new, were well worn—he looked and talked like a gentleman."

"He is staying here, I suppose?" said Mrs. Lexton.

"Yes; in the village. He is an architect or something of the kind, and is traveling to study.

She did not tell Mrs. Lexton that she had given him the key of St. Anne's Chapel; for again it seemed to her that she had been too free with a stranger, and she changed the subject.

They sat and talked for some little time, and then Claire insisted upon Mrs. Lexton going to bed.

After the elder woman had gone, Claire stood by the window, looking out at the night; and, notwithstanding the arrival of her friend, the feeling of loneliness still remained with her. She went to the piano and touched the keys softly, but all through the music she heard Gerald Wayre's voice. And she was angry with herself for not being able to forget him.

CHAPTER IV.

GERALD WAYRE lit his pipe, and walked through the garden and down the steep village street, until he reached the beach; then, turning to the right, he stopped before a thatched cottage where he lodged.

An old fisherman as round as a tub, and as fat as a porpoise, sat on a seat against the cottage wall, and in a perfect bower of roses. He took his pipe from his mouth, and touched his hat to Gerald.

"Been for a stroll, sir?" he said. "It's a grand night for a walk."

"Yes," said Gerald, and he sat down beside Captain Hawker—nearly every man in Regna was called "captain"—and, tilting his hat back, looked at the moonlit sea.

"That's a fine house you have up on the hill, Captain Hawker," he said.

"Meanin' the Court, sir?" said the old man, with a nod. "Yes, it be; it's the grandest house in these parts, and we're all on us mighty proud on it."

"And justifiably," said Gerald. "To whom does it belong?"

"To the young lady as lives there, Miss Sartoris," said Captain Hawker. "It did belong to Lord Wharton, but he left it to her. She's the landlady of all of us, as you may say, and quite like a queen here."

"Do you see much of her?" asked Gerald.

"She comes down along now and again, sir; but not very often, an' mostly in the evenin'. She's a very kind-hearted young lady, but a bit proud like, as she's reason to be, you may say. She ain't one of those ladies as pokes their nose into cottages with tracts and advice; ain't familiar in any way, indeed; but she's good to the poor, and has always a pleasant word for the children."

Gerald smiled. The rough picture seemed to hit off the stately girl, with the clear oval face and dark gray eyes, quite exactly.

"And does she live in that big place alone?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; at least she did, but I'm told as there is a lady come to stop with her."

"Poor girl!" said Gerald to himself.

The captain took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked at him with some surprise.

"'Poor,' sir, did you say; beggin' your pardon? She's as rich as Croesus, simply rollin' in money."

"Just so!" said Gerald. "I meant that it was a great responsibility."

"Ah, yes, sir," said Captain Hawker. "I see what you mean—the estate and all that; but Mr. Sapley looks after that; he's the agent as we pays our rent to, and manages the estate."

At that moment a young girl came out of the cottage door, a girl with a pretty and rather delicate face, with soft brown hair, and soft brown eyes, and soft, red lips. She was neatly dressed in a frock of gray merino, by no means badly made. She was Lucy Hawker, the captain's daughter.

"Hasn't Mr. Wayre come back, father?" she asked. "His supper's ready, and spoiling."

Gerald rose; and she started, and the color flew, in good, honest fashion, to her pretty face.

"Here I am, Miss Lucy," said Gerald, "and spoiling for the supper."

He entered the sitting room, upon which the outer door opened, and found a plain, but well cooked meal awaiting him. There were fresh herrings—Regna is famous for its herrings—mutton cutlets—Downshire, in which Regna is situated, is famous for its mutton—a junket, and strawberry jam.

Lucy waited upon him, with downcast eyes, and a timid little smile playing about the corners of her lips, as if she enjoyed his enjoyment of the fare. Now and again he spoke to her.

"If you treat me so well, Miss Lucy," he said, as he helped himself to a second serve of junket, "I shall never want to leave Regna."

The girl flushed with pleasure.

"I'm glad you're pleased, sir," she said; and her voice grew as soft as her hair, or her eyes, or her lips.

"Pleased? Who wouldn't be? My dear Miss Lucy, it's a supper fit for a prince. If you only knew what suppers I have eaten—a crust of dry bread in the Pyrenees, half a watermelon in Naples, a slice of buffalo hump in the Rockies, a basin of porridge in the Trossachs, a steak of cod in Newfoundland——"

"You seem to have been everywhere, sir," she said.

"Very nearly," he assented, carelessly. "But in no place where the cooking is better done, and the attendance is more charming."

The girl's face flushed a rosy-red as she gathered the cloth together in her hand, and left the room. Gerald lit his pipe, and leant back in his chair with indolent content, and looked round him.

In one corner of the room was an easel, a couple of guns, and as many fishing rods stood on brackets on the wall; a small pile of books were upon a side table, upon which also, stood a box of instruments used by architects.

A thick mackintosh hung on a hook behind the door; waders and fishing boots stood in a corner of the room. Gerald looked at them all in indolent content, then he drew a large and rusty key from his pocket and looked at that, and as he looked at it, a vision of the pale oval face rose before him, and he thought of Miss Sartoris, the owner of Court Regna.

Presently, as if the contemplation of her wealth had reminded him of money matters, he took a purse from his pocket and emptied its contents upon the table. There were five sovereigns, a few shillings and a few coppers.

"All my worldly wealth," he said to himself. "It will not last long, and then—Ah, well! enough for the day is the evil thereof," and he rose and went out to the rough terrace overlooking the sea and smoked the pipe, which is at once peace and contentment to the poor in pocket.

About the same time, Mr. Sapley sat in his den bending over some deeds and papers. He had built for himself an ugly, square house, on a piece of land just outside the Regna estate, so as to be well in sight of things; and he had also an office in the neighboring town.

Mr. Sapley had a great many houses in the locality, and pieces and scraps of land all over the place. He had started life as an errand boy to a firm of solicitors in Downshire, had worked himself up in the usual way, and had gradually absorbed his former employers' business.

Indeed, Mr. Sapley had a knack of absorbing things. It is a very useful and profitable knack. He lent money to small and struggling builders; and they got smaller, and ceased to struggle. Mr. Sapley absorbed them.

Not only small builders and other tradesmen, but people of more consequence went to Mr. Sapley in their difficulties, and, sooner or later, they found themselves in his power, and Mr. Sapley picked their bones.

No one could openly accuse him of dishonesty, whatever they thought. He always went to work in a strictly legal fashion, and nightly slept the sleep of the just. It was said that he cared for no one but himself, but this was not true.

There was one other person in the world for whom he had an affection, and that was his only son, Mordaunt. It was for him that Mr. Sapley was hoarding up money, and in him that his ambition centred. He had sent him to Oxford, allowed him a liberal allowance and brought him up to think himself someone of importance.

And Mr. Sapley intended that Mordaunt should be someone of importance. Between the county families and a country solicitor a very wide gulf yawns: Sapley meant his son to cross that gulf, meant him to become "county family" himself.

There was only one way of achieving this ambition, and that was by marrying into the local aristocracy. The local aristocracy would have been both indignant and amused if they had had any notion of Mr. Sapley's idea, but Mr. Sapley was cautious, and "moled" along underground in silence, waiting his opportunity.

As he bent over his papers—most of them were headed "Court Regna Estate,"—the door opened and Mordaunt entered. He had washed himself and brushed the dirt from his clothes, but there was a dark mark on his face, and, doubtless, several others on various parts of his body. He looked sullen and ill-tempered, and scowled as his father looked up with a, "Well Mordaunt, ready for supper?"

"It does not much matter whether I am or not; there's no supper ready. This house is shamefully mismanaged. Why don't you get a decent housekeeper and a proper staff of servants, instead of that old bag, Prosser?"

Mr. Sapley smiled, and showed his fang-like teeth.

"Prosser's cheap, Mordaunt. The more servants, the more waste. Supper will be ready directly. Did you see Grimes?"

"Yes," replied Mordaunt, "and he says he can't pay."

"They all say that," remarked his father.

"He says that the crops have been bad, and he has had a deal of sickness."

"They all say that also. I'll be sworn he has a nest egg put away on the sly; and it does not matter if he has not; there is enough stock to pay us. We must sell him up, Mordaunt."

Mordaunt nodded callously as he dropped into a chair and put his legs on another. He had been to a University and associated with gentleman, but his speeches and his manners were those of the rampant cad when he was alone with his father, or his equals and inferiors.

It is a question whether Oxford and Cambridge do not turn out more cads and snobs than any other educational establishments, especially of late years, and now that every flourishing tradesman sends his son to "college," to make a gentleman of him. But his father saw nothing wrong, and looked at him admiringly. He considered Mordaunt's "free and easy" manners quite distinguished.

"There's some papers I wanted you to glance over," he said, "but you seem tired. What's that mark on your face?" he broke off to ask.

Mordaunt reddened, resentfully.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, sullenly, "I fell down. No, I don't feel inclined to bother with anything in the way of business to night. I suppose it's something connected with the Court estate? By the way," he went on with affected carelessness, but with a sidelong glance at his father, "why don't those infernal keepers keep a sharper look out over the place. All sort of bounders and ragamuffins are trespassing on the grounds; I came across one to-night and he was abusive, the scoundrel! I took his name, and I was half a mind to give him a good thrashing. I shall summon him to-morrow."

"Better not," said Mr. Sapley; "I don't think Miss Sartoris would like it."

"I suppose we manage the estate, not she," said Mordaunt, insolently.

Mr. Sapley pursed his lips.

"Yes; that's true. But she is the mistress," and he showed his teeth. "It wouldn't do to offend her. She's very different to the old lord, you could do what you liked with him, if you only knew how to manage him; and I think I know that." He grinned cunningly. "It's not so easy with Miss Sartoris."

"She looks quiet enough," remarked Mordaunt.

Mr. Sapley shook his head.

"Looks are deceptive, especially with women. The girl's got a will of her own. Only yesterday she wouldn't sign the paper to eject those Styles'; and she does not like the tourists and excursionists interfered with. Thinks the place almost belongs as much to the public as to her. No; I don't think she would like you to summon anyone for trespass."

"She must be a fool!" said Mordaunt, elegantly.

"No, she isn't a fool," said his father, looking down at his papers with half-closed eyes, like a bird of prey peering at the mangled body of a victim. "Oh, no; she's not a fool; and the man who bought her for one would lose by the transaction. Women are deceptive, Mordaunt; you'd know that if you'd had my experience."

"She's not the first woman I've seen," remarked Mordaunt, under his breath.

Mr. Sapley turned his papers over with a preoccupied air, glancing covertly under his bushy brows at his son's sullen and downcast face.

"She's a good-looking girl, don't you think, Mordaunt?"

Mordaunt yawned.

"Oh, yes! Good-looking enough," he said.

"How do you get on with her, now?" asked Mr. Sapley, in a casual kind of way.

"Oh! well enough," replied Mordaunt. "She's rather too proud and starchy for me. I hate that kind of thing! She looks at me as if I were a kind of upper servant. I'm an Oxford man and a gentleman; and I tell you flat, I don't like it."

Mr. Sapley shifted uneasily on his chair.

"Of course, of course!" he said. "But you must make allowance, Mourdy. She's not only the owner of Court Regna, but a distant relation of Lord Wharton and one of the county families."

"Yes; and she seems to remind you of it every time she speaks to you. I hate your county families! They behave themselves as if they were gods. They crow loud enough on their own dunghills; they'd sing a great deal smaller if they were up in London. They'd find their level there."

"I daresay," assented Mr. Sapley; "but they are gods in their own places, and we've got to pretend to kneel and worship them—especially when we make money out of them." He touched the papers caressingly.

There was silence for a minute or two, during which Mordaunt rolled himself a cigarette, without asking permission, and blew the smoke across his father's face.

"She'll be expected to make a great marriage," said Mr. Sapley.

"I daresay," assented Mordaunt.

"She's a very beautiful girl, with all deference to you, Mordaunt; and she's the mistress of Regna. She might aim very high."

"She may aim as high as a prince," said Mordaunt, "for all I care."

Mr. Sapley eyed him curiously.

"It would be a very nice thing for a man to step into," he said. "Regna is almost unique in its way, and the man who married her would be quite a personage. He'd be one of the county families."

"I daresay," assented Mordaunt, again, with another yawn.

"I wonder who it will be?" mused Mr. Sapley, watching his son's face still, covertly. "Miss Sartoris is a girl who would follow her own fancy. She wouldn't care who the man was, so long as she liked him."

Mordaunt took the cigarette from his lips, and looked at his father with a little more attention.

"What are you driving at, governor?" he asked.

Mr. Sapley smiled mysteriously, and shuffled on his chair.

"I was just thinking, Mourdy," he said, "what advantages you have got compared with what I had. I began life in quite an humble way; I can remember sweeping out Goodchild's office——"

Mr. Mordaunt, the Oxford man, reddened resentfully.

"What's the use of going back to all that?" he asked.

"Yes, I swept out their office," continued Mr. Sapley, looking straight before him, as if he were regarding the past. "And I used to hold Goodchild's horse when he went for a ride, and touch my hat to the clients when they gave me a shilling."

Mr. Mordaunt moved uneasily on his chair.

"And then I got a stool of one of the desks, and addressed the letters and copied the deeds. I must have had a head on my shoulders even in those days, for I remembered what those deeds were about. I could recite some of them now. I worked my way up to confidential clerk; old Goodchild was an easy going fool as well as old, and he got to rely on me. He had to make me partner. I got the business into my own hands; then I dissolved partnership, and set up for myself. Nearly all the business followed me. Old Goodchild retired on a few hundreds a year, and I took the whole of his practice."

"What's the use of going all over all this?" asked Mordaunt.

Mr. Sapley continued as if his elegant son had not interrupted him—

"It's all nonsense to say that a man struggles hard; it all came easy to me. Before I was five-and-twenty I was agent to three estates, and had got the practice of the whole place. Then I got the Court Regna. I'd had my eye on that for a long while, for I knew there were pickings to be make out of it. Lord Wharton never interfered with anything, and I've had it all my own way."

He touched the deeds again, lovingly.

"What's the use——" began Mordaunt. But Mr. Sapley continued—

"I'm what is called a rich man; but, as you said, though you meant it in another way, what's the use? All the gentry here remember me sweeping out the office and holding the horses. With you it's different."

"I should hope so," muttered Mordaunt, dutifully, under his breath.

"You are an Oxford man and a gentleman. The world's open to you; you can look up boldly to things that I could never dare lift my eyes to. You'll be a rich man, Mordaunt." And the man's voice grew softly triumphant, in strange discordance with his hard, vulture-like face. "There's no knowing what heights you could climb to. Why you might——"

He glanced at Mordaunt, half cunningly, half fearfully.

"What are you driving at?" asked Mordaunt, again under his breath.

Mr. Sapley pushed the papers from him with his claw-like hand, and leant back in his chair.

"There's nothing you couldn't attain to. I've made a gentleman of you; you haven't swept out an office, or held horses. You've got the college manner and the college tone, and you've got some of your poor mother's good looks. It all lies within your grasp."

There was a silence, Mordaunt had allowed his cigarette to go out, and it dropped from his fingers, as he stared at his father's hawk-like face.

"What are you driving at?" he said, under his breath.

"If I were in your place," went on Mr. Sapley, ignoring the question. "I should look around and seek my opportunity. You're young, and you've got, or will have, money. You can marry well. Here's Court Regna, for instance?"

Mordaunt sat bolt upright.

"Court Regna?" he repeated with amazement.

Mr. Sapley glanced at him with a cunning smile.

"Court Regna," he repeated. "It's owned by a young girl—unmarried. And the man who marries her will step into one of the prettiest properties in England, will become one of the county families."

"Me marry Miss Sartoris!" exclaimed Mordaunt, forgetting his Oxford grammar, and sitting bolt upright.

"Why not?" snarled Mr. Sapley, bending forward, with his sharp eyes fixed on his son's wide-open ones. "You are young, good looking, and have opportunities of meeting her which few men have. If I were in your place——"

Mordaunt laughed discordantly.

"You must be mad, guv'nor", he said. "Miss Sartoris wouldn't look at me. She regards me as a kind of servant. She doesn't know what I'm like. She scarcely bows when we meet; she wouldn't know me outside Court Regna."

Mr. Sapley showed his teeth, and hissed half-contemptuously, half-defiantly—

"Bah! You haven't half the pluck I had. Oh, I'm not blaming you, it's the difference in the training. Faint heart never won fair lady. Doesn't the prospect allure you? To be the husband of a beautiful girl like that. To be the master of Court Regna, one of the show places of England—the world?"

Mordaunt threw himself back in his chair, and laughed scornfully.

"You're dreaming, guv'nor," he said. "She wouldn't look at me. I'm just the son of her agent, and no more."

A dusky red overspread Mr. Sapley's face. He looked uglier than ever.

"You're an Oxford man, and a gentleman," he said. "And suppose I help you!"

"You help me!" exclaimed Mordaunt, leaning forward.

Mr. Sapley bit his lip, as if he had said too much.

"Well, I might help you," he said. "Who knows? Anyway, the thing is not impossible; it is less than impossible, it is probable."

Mr. Mordaunt stared at him. The young man's commonplace, and rather sordid face was alive with a kind of cuteness.

He had hitherto looked up to Miss Sartoris as a sort of queen. He had admired her beauty, but as a subject might admire that of an empress. She had seemed something far and away beyond his reach. And now to be told that he might become her husband, might become the master of Court Regna, might enter the charmed circle of the county families!

It took his breath away. He leant forward, the bruise Gerald Wayre had made upon his face showing plainly, his small eyes alight with the light reflected from his father's.

"Do you mean what you say?" he demanded.

"I mean what I say," responded Mr. Sapley. "I have had my eye on it for a long time, ever since you came home. But it rests with you; you've got all the cards, and if you play them properly, you'll win. Just think of it! Master of Court Regna—and your father swept out Goodchild's office!"

Mordaunt rose and paced up and down the small room.

"It seems impossible!" he said. "How can you help me?"

Mr. Sapley gathered the papers together with a sweep of his hand.

"Never you mind," he said. "You'll know all in good time. If you want my advice, I say, see as much of her as you can. Never mind her proud and haughty ways. They don't count." He showed his teeth.

"You can pay her back for them when you're married. Go and see her on business as often as you can. Get into her confidence—that's the way I always acted. Study her likes and dislikes and flatter her. Flatter her, Mordaunt! It's the quickest way to a woman's heart. I'll keep in the background as much as possible. Let her think that you, and not me, are necessary to her. She's all alone here, and you've got the first chance. Make the best use of your time, and when you've got a footing with her, come to me, and I'll do the rest!" He looked up at his son through eyes made into slits, and showed his fangs in an encouraging smile.

Mordaunt leant his hand upon the table, and stared at his father almost breathlessly.

The prospect unfolded before him was simply dazzling. To be husband of Claire Sartoris, the master of Court Regna! The mere thought bewildered him.

Father and son regarded each other in a pregnant silence.

The door opened and an old woman thrust in her head.

"Supper's ready!" she said, in a harsh voice.

They went into the room which served as dining and drawing room, where the table was spread for supper; cold meat, cheese, and a stony-looking pie. Neither of them ate much. They were both thinking of the alluring prospect spread out before them. Presently Mordaunt pushed his plate away and rose.

"I'll take a turn," he said. Mr. Sapley nodded and filled a long clay pipe, the long clay pipe which was always an eye sore to an elegant son.

Mr. Mordaunt crossed the Regna ground by a side path, and went down to the pier, and descended by the stone steps to the beach. He was sheltered from observation from the village, and from everything excepting the boats at sea.

He lit a cigarette and smoked for a few minutes, then he whistled sharply, and after a few minutes there came a sound like a bird, and presently a young girl tripped quickly down the steps of the pier and joined him.

It was Captain Hawker's daughter, Lucy.

Mordaunt Sapley went to meet her, and put his arm round her waist, and kissed her.

"I thought you were never coming!" he said.

"And I thought the same of you," she said, breathlessly. "How late you are!"

"I have been engaged—on business," he said. "You heard my whistle?"

"Yes," she said, "I have been waiting for it—It's as well I didn't hear it before, for I had to get our lodger's supper."

He drew her close to him, and smoothed the soft brown hair from her forehead. "Did it think I wasn't coming?" he said, "and was it frightened?"

She nestled closer to him. "I thought you would come," she said, "but I mustn't stay long, Mordaunt. Father and the lodger are both outside the cottage and they may see us." He kissed her, taking his cigarette out of his mouth to do so.

"Bother your father and your lodger!" he said.

There was a silence. The girl leant her head on his shoulder, her eyes turned to his face.

"What a lovely night, Mordaunt," she murmured. "Have you—have you spoken to your father yet?"

He shifted uneasily, but smiled encouragingly. "Not yet, Lucy," he said. "There's plenty of time. What are you shuddering at?" for a shiver had run through her.

"Speak to him at once, dear!" she said. "Tell him—oh, tell him!"

"All in good time," he said, easily, "I must break it to him gently. You don't mistrust me, Lucy?"

"No, no!" she said, eagerly, as if she were trying to convince herself. "I don't distrust you, dear; but you said that you would speak to him; and now I want to know. I am afraid that father will find

out, that he will see, that someone will see us—our lodger!"

"Who is your lodger?" asked Mordaunt.

"A gentleman," she replied. "A Mr. Gerald Wayre!"

Mordaunt started. "They must not know!" he said.

"Not till you have spoken to your father," she agreed cheerfully. "Oh, Mordaunt, I am afraid of what he will say! Do you think he will be very angry?"

Mr. Mordaunt kissed her hair, and flung the end of his cigarette into a pool left by the tide.

"You've not said anything to anyone?" he asked.

"I've not told anyone!" she breathed, drawing herself away from him.

"That's right," he said, "don't say anything to anyone—but of course you would not. It will all come right directly. I'll speak to my father——"

"And—and we shall be married!" she murmured, hiding her face on his breast.

"Yes, of course we shall be married," he assented, fumbling for his tobacco and cigarette paper.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning Gerald climbed the hill to St. Anne's Chapel. It was a lovely morning; the sky was bright, and the sea was blue, and a breeze coming direct from Labrador made the trees round the Court musical.

Gerald had his sketch book in his pocket, and his pipe in his mouth, and, having had a good breakfast, and being young and strong, and of a cheerful spirit, was in the best of humors.

The path up to the ruin wound in zigzag fashion until it came to a little lawn-like space in front of the old iron gate, which admitted to the second enclosure of the chapel itself. Gerald pulled out his key to unlock the gate, when he saw that it was heavily padlocked, and that his key was useless.

The ruin looked tempting, and Gerald was rather disappointed. He walked round the railings; but they were all in good condition and not climbable, and, with a shrug of the shoulders, he sat down on a little mound, and proceeded to sketch that side of the chapel which presented itself of him.

While he was at work, he was asking himself what he should do with the key. Should he send it back by one of the fisher boys, or should he walk up to the Court with it himself?

If he did the latter, perhaps Miss Sartoris would think him intrusive, would think he wanted to force his acquaintance upon her, because he had been fortunate enough to find her diamond ornament.

"No, I had better send it back," he said to himself. "The less you have to do with dames of high degree the better, my dear fellow. You'll send the key back with a polite expression of thanks, and, in the language of the Classics, take your hook."

As he arrived at this decision, he heard a peculiar noise down the hill behind him, and, listening, found presently that it was an approaching horse. He craned his head to look, and saw a lady riding up a narrow track.

It was a very narrow track, and not altogether a safe one; but the rider appeared quite at her ease, and sat her horse as if she were cantering on a level road. Gerald was himself a good rider, and he watched her with critical admiration, which changed to surprise as he saw that it was Miss Sartoris.

She looked more beautiful in the young man's eyes in her well-fitting riding habit even than she had done in her evening dress of the night before; indeed, she was grace personified as she sat lightly and firmly in her saddle, seeming part of the beautiful horse she rode.

"You have plenty of pluck, my lady!" said Gerald, to himself, as she left the narrow track, and came at a canter up the steep hill, a slip on which would have precipitated her into the depth below.

Fronting the chapel, she pulled up, and sat looking thoughtfully before her. The exercise, perhaps the danger, had bestowed a tinge of color on the clear ivory of her face; her eyes were glowing rather than sparkling.

And Gerald sat and watched her, absorbed in her beauty, while one could count twenty; then, remembering his manners, he rose and raised his hat.

She did not start; but turned her head slowly, and bowed slightly.

"You have come to sketch the chapel?" she said. "Have you not been inside?"

"Not yet," he said. "The fact is, the gate is padlocked as well as locked, and I can't get in."

She looked at the gate with, it seemed to Gerald, a touch of annoyance.

"I did not know there was a padlock," she said. "I do not know who has put it there—except it was Mr. Sapley. The ordinary lock was sufficient. And can you not climb over?"

Gerald looked at the spear-headed railings.

"Well, I could," he said, "but I have not too many clothes, and these would run some risk."

"Is there no way of getting in?" she asked.

"Only by unlocking the padlock, or breaking it," he said.

"Please break it," she said

There was a faint tone of command in her voice, as if she were still rather annoyed.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," he said, "thank you. I am making a sketch of this south side."

"Do you mean you have nothing here to break it with?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" he responded, glancing at a piece of rock.

"Then, will you break it, please?"

There was still more of command in her voice, and, without another word, he took up a piece of rock, and with a blow or two shattered the padlock.

"Thank you," she said. "You can go in now when you please."

"I will finish this sketch first." Then, with a dread that she was going, and with a desire to keep her, "What a beautiful morning. That is a beautiful horse you are riding, Miss Sartoris."

She drew her gauntleted hand along the horse's glossy neck.

"She is a very good horse," she said.

"And a clever one. She came up that steep track splendidly. It is rather a dangerous ride."

"She is used to it, and I am used to her," said Claire.

"So I saw," he remarked. "There are very few ladies who would care to come up that break-neck place even on foot."

Claire looked over her shoulder at the giddy track.

"I have never noticed that there was any danger," she said.

She leaned a little forward, in so graceful an attitude that a sudden temptation assailed Gerald. He left the chapel, and began to make a rapid sketch of her on one side of his paper.

"Do you paint in oils?" asked Claire.

"Sometimes," said Gerald, seizing the excuse to look at her.

"You are an artist as well as an architect, then?" she said.

"Did I say I was an architect? Well, I suppose I am. I've been so many things."

Claire looked down at him with a veiled curiosity. She saw, now, in the full morning light, how handsome he was. There was something in his face more interesting than regularity of features.

"You've been so many things?" she repeated.

He nodded.

"Yes; I am what the world calls an adventurer, Miss Sartoris."

"What is that?" asked Claire.

"Well, in the old days, it meant a soldier of fortune, a man who sold his sword to the highest bidder, one who went a-sailing in search of new lands, or somebody else's ship and treasure; it meant all sorts of romantic things. Nowadays it means a kind of vagabond, a no'er-do well, who gets his living in odd ways, and is always regarded as a kind of disreputable character whom it is best to avoid."

"You are not very charitable to yourself," said Claire.

She spoke almost coldly, to conceal her increased interest.

He laughed a short and not unmusical laugh.

"You asked me, and I told you the truth," he said.

"I have been an adventurer—that is, vagabond—ever since I can remember. (If I can only keep her sitting still another ten minutes, I shall have got her!) At the early age of fifteen, I ran away to sea, and worked my passage out to America in a sailing ship. So you may say that I am a sailor. Out in America I worked my way—by breaking stones, chopping wood, and similar intellectual occupations—to the mines. I worked in the mines for two years."

"So that you are a miner," said Claire, absently.

"So that I am a miner," he assented, trying to indicate the exquisite wave in her hair. "Mining was not an exhilarating pursuit. There is too much 'tailings' about it."

Claire leant her elbow upon her horse's neck, and looked at him.

"What are—tailings?" she inquired, with a kind of reluctant curiosity.

"Tailings are, so to speak, the dregs of the ore that fall at the bottom of the stamping machine, the machine that stamps out the precious metal from the rock. There still remains some of the silver in these tailings, and they have to be washed to separate the metal from them. It is a maddening, a soul-destroying occupation. I threw it up and went cattle driving; so that you may call me a cowboy."

"And did you like that better?" asked Claire.

"Very much," he said, beginning to sketch in rapidly the body of the horse. "It is the most delightful of all lives, spent in the open air, mostly in solitude, with the best of horses to ride, and Nature an open book before you. That was life."

"Why did you leave it?" she asked. Then bit her lips, angry with herself for putting the question. She drew herself up, with a sudden resolve and hauteur, which he had noticed on the previous night. But he was absorbed in his stealthy work, and did not notice her expression now.

"Because of a little quarrel with my employer," he said, quite frankly. "He tried to rob me of my wages—wages earned by the sweat of my brow, and very often at the risk of my neck. We settled it in the usual way."

She did not ask how this time, but inquiry looked from her lovely eyes, and spoke from her mute lips.

"Every little dispute over there is settled by the revolver," he said.

"It is more expeditious than the law, and cheaper. He fired at me and missed me. I then 'covered' him, as they call it, and made him count out the money on a stone half-way between us. So we parted. Then I went back to a place called Ariona. They wanted to build a jail there—they always want a jail directly a town grows prosperous: it is an outward and visible sign of civilisation. There was no one who knew how to draw a plan out, and as I knew no less than the others, I offered. So I built the jail at Ariona—and the mayor thereof was the first prisoner. Embezzled the town funds. I architected several jails, churches, and other public buildings for other places. That's why I am an architect—but I am afraid I am boring you." He had nearly finished the horse.

"No!" she said. That was all.

"I had made some money, and I put it into a mine. I might as well have put it into the gutter. Then I started life again with one suit of clothes, and two dollars. The president of the mine, who had made a large fortune out of the same enterprises, said he was very sorry for me, and knowing that I was a bit of an artist, said that I might paint his wife's portrait."

He looked up with a smile, and though Claire endeavored to look coldly neutral, the smile was reflected in her eyes.

"The lady was fat, fair, and forty. I made her slim, a beautiful blonde, and five-and-twenty. She said it was life-like, quite life-like. Her friends said—well, I don't know what they did say, but they all wanted their portraits painted by the same truthful hand. I became the fashionable painter of Gip's Sling. So that's why you can call me an artist, if you wish to flatter me." He was bestowing a few loving touches to the folds of her habit.

"I might have been at Gip's Sling now, painting ladies, but—well, even the portrait painter has a conscience. Mine grew restive. I fled, leaving a portrait half finished, and took to the wilds again. I hunted with the Indians for over a year, learnt their language, slept in their wigwams, and got much store of fur and hide. I was called 'The White Hunter,' because I was rather ready with my Winchester, and had become so like an Indian that on several occasions my fellow whites, who chanced to meet me, travelers and traders, took me for the noble red man, and talked Indian, or made signs."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN KUANG HSU RIDES.—The sledge in which the Chinese emperor drives out is a masterpiece of carving, decoration, painting and the goldsmith's art. The box is ornamented with exquisite Chinese carvings; on the top is a golden ball, the emperor's symbol, and the four corners are occupied by dragons holding in their mouths yellow silk knots.

The panels are varnished in old Chinese red, and all the ornaments are of gold of very fine finish. The inside of the box is upholstered with heavy yellow silk. In the front of the seat there is a toilet box with a clock, mirror, vials, and so forth. Under the sledge there is a signal bell which rings when one presses a button. In the front is a big gold dragon. When the emperor rides forth on state occasions, the sledge is surrounded by a corps of mandarins, who act as a guard of honor.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE TOMATO.—"Love-apple," the early name of the tomato, is a translation of a designation which once conveyed a misapprehension as to the Italian name of the vegetable. The Italians received the tomato from Morocco, and called it pomo di Mori, "apple of the Moors." The French, deceived by the sound, translated it pomme d'amour, and the English translation from the French spread the original error.

MAN MUST STAY IN.—A very curious custom in Seoul, the capital of Corea, is the law which makes it obligatory for every man to retire to his home when the huge bronze bell of the city has proclaimed it to be the hour of sunset and the hour closing the gates. No man is allowed in the streets after that hour under pain of flogging; but the women are allowed to go about and visit their friends.

INTOXICATED OXEN.—Formerly it was said that although animals often over-eat themselves, yet they never drink to excess; but now this has been proved to be false. A short time since some oxen were found lying in the road, unable to rise. A veterinary surgeon was fetched, and he pronounced the animals to be quite tipsy! The oxen had found a large tub of new beer in the brewery yard where they had been last employed, and had drunk an immense quantity of the liquid.

AS TO PEARLS.—The beauty and value of pearls depend on their color, form, texture (skin), transparency (water), and lustre. A pearl to be perfect must possess the following qualifications: It must be perfectly round or drop shaped, and have a perfectly pure white color, must be slightly transparent, free from specks, spots, or blemishes, and must possess the peculiar lustre characteristic of a gem. Round pearls above the weight of 30 grains are so rare that they command exceptional prices, depending on the circumstances of the sale to bring almost any figure.

NASAL.—In the Russian Army there is one particular regiment of Infantry of the Guards formed by Emperor Paul the men of which are recruited not so much with regard to their height or color of their hair and complexions as to the shape of their noses. Emperor Paul had a typical Kalmuck nose of the most excruciatingly uplifted pattern, and since then, out of compliment to him, all the officers and men of this particular regiment have noses of the same shape, the sight of which they present on parade being somewhat startling.

THE TAILORS OF TOOLEY STREET.—Three tailors of Tooley Street, in Southwark, London, once summoned a public meeting for the purpose of petitioning Parliament to remedy certain wrongs. In spite of the fact that the meeting was attended only by their three selves, the tailors began their petition to the House of Commons with the words: "We, the people of England," etc. Not one would guess that the Tooley Street thus immortalised is a corruption of St. Olave's Street, the parish church of St. Olave, or Olaf, being situated in this thoroughfare.

DISTINGUISHED MEN OF LOWLY BIRTH.—Euripedes was the son of a fruiterer, Virgil of a baker, Horace of a freed slave, Sixtus the Fifth of a swine herd, Fletcher of a chandler, Massillon of a turner, Tamerlane of a shepherd, Gresnault of a journeyman baker, Rollin of a herdsman, Moliere of an upholsterer, J. J. Rousseau of a watchmaker, Sir Samuel Romilly of a goldsmith, Ben Johnson of a mason, Shakespeare of a butcher, Sir Thomas Lawrence of a custom-house officer, Collins of a hatter, Gray of a notary, Beattie of a farmer, Sir Edward Sugden of a barber, Thomas Moore of a grocer and Rembrandt of a miller.

AT THE PRESENT DAY.—The ancient city of Jerusalem, which has figured so largely in scriptural history, is seldom considered in secular affairs. Yet it has a considerable commerce, milling being among its prominent industries. From the 1894 report of the Austro-Hungarian consul at Jerusalem it appears that Palestine is quite a milling section, and that Jerusalem alone has five steam mills. In 1894 these mills made 28,000 to 30,000 sacks of flour, of 196 lbs. each. They have capacity to make twice as much if the conditions of the trade demanded it.

FIRST EDITOR: "I hear the new book reviewer has been bounced." Second editor: "He was discovered cutting the leaves of some of the best books."

CHANGES.

BY E. J.

Years ago, sister, years ago,
We stood and watched the sunshine quiver
Through alder branches on the river,
Whose softly murmuring flow
Made music round our home for ever.

Fair were the wild anemones
Amongst the grass and mosses growing,
Waved by the breezes gently blowing,
Which ever bent their starry eyes
To watch the peaceful river flowing.

Years have flown, sister, years have flown,
And now no more the alders quiver;
Through other meadows flows the river;
The white anemones are gone,
And thou art laid at rest for ever.

My little world had sadly changed:
The brook and path have left no traces,
Canal and railway in their places;
My only love by death estranged—
I sigh for "old familiar faces."

A WAR WITH FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

FOR the next few hours Thir was as if in a dream. She knew she was behaving herself tolerably well, because nobody looked at her oddly or made any remarks; but in reality, all through the pretty ceremonial and wedding-breakfast, she was in such a whirl of pain and sorrow that it seemed to her she must be living a dual existence.

There were two Thirza Brights—the visible and the invisible—thinking and living side by side. The visible one was a gay animated little person, who talked and laughed, and contributed with the greatest good-will her fair share to the brightness and merriment of the occasion; and the invisible one was a stricken little mortal, cowering with aching heart and crushed spirit behind the gaiety and merriment of the other, repeating to herself over and over again—

"It is all over and finished! I was shouting before I was out of the wood!"

But later on in the day her mood changed—only because she caught Tryan watching her; as she stood with her hand upon Major Darncombe's arm, giving him some gleeful directions about taking care of Aunt Carry, and bringing her back fresh and bright for the dance in the evening.

Tryan could not look like that if he had left off caring for her, she told herself, with a throb of gladness. Then, if he had not left off caring for her, why was he going away from her now, when everything was beginning to promise so brightly for them?

The young people had the afternoon pretty much to themselves, the elders having retired to prepare for the evening's exertions.

Thir, Jean, and Miss Miller were walking up and down the raised terrace by the tennis-court, enjoying the sunshine and the breeze, when Teddy and Tryan came round the corner of the house; and Jean cried out to them to come and join them.

Teddy entertained the stranger, while Tryan remained with Jean and Thir. For a few minutes Thir listened in silence to Jean's affectionate prophecies of good luck for her old friend. Then Thir suddenly became aware that Jean had been called away by an anxious looking servant, and that she was alone with Tryan.

The first thing she was conscious of when she found they were alone was a ridiculous sense of constraint.

"What is the matter with us, Tryan?" she asked softly. "There is something wrong somewhere; is it my fault or yours? I have been counting so much on seeing you to-day, and now somehow it is a disappointment."

"A disappointment?" he echoed, smiling down at her very kindly; and she saw the smile, but she knew what a weary heart-ache lurked behind it.

"I'm sorry for that! I should have liked your last memory of me to be a pleasant one. I suppose it is my fault—it is certainly not yours; the very sight of you is enough to set the birds singing! You look like embodied sunshine in that gown—primrose, don't you call the color?"

"That's just where it is!" she said, ignoring the allusion to her appearance and harking back to the subject of greater importance to her.

"The news of your start on Monday came on me like a flash of lightning. Tryan I had been hoping that now you might be persuaded to pocket that mighty pride of yours and—stay."

"But why?" he asked, with a sudden harshness in his voice, as if he resented the suggestion. "What earthly good should I do by staying? What in the name of wonder can a man in my unfortunate position do here in England? Yonder, I may make a start of some kind; but here now, what excuse have I for living? There is not a creature in the world who needs me; I am the most useless wretch in the universe! And yet I must find occupation somehow."

"If you are only going away because you think nobody needs you here, Tryan, don't go! I need you, dear, as much as ever I did; life won't be much of a bargain without you!"

He laughed harshly; and she was so astonished that she stopped to look at him. Although he did not look at her, he seemed to feel the rebuke.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a low shamed tone; "I'm very sorry if I hurt your feelings! You see, I was wondering what sort of a bargain life without you would be to me. But better be without you altogether than—— Oh, women don't understand these things!" he broke off impatiently.

"I don't suppose you meant to be selfish or cruel, little friend; but you could not wish me a harder lot than to keep me near you in present circumstances. I shall be able to wish you happiness far better from a distance."

And then, before she had time to protest, he had called Teddy; and, Teddy and Miss Miller coming up, further explanation was impossible.

But she determined to speak later on. She began now to understand where the hitch was—not quite clearly, but clearly enough to know that it was a misconception of some sort which was coming between them.

He kept away from her during the remainder of the afternoon, never giving her a chance to come near him; but she did not lose heart. So long as he still loved her, the rest would come right somehow. "It should come right," she declared resolutely, with a quick compression of her sweet wilful lips.

When the people began to assemble for the dance, she kept a close watch on the door; and, when the first two dances were over and still Tryan did not come, she asked Teddy where he was.

"Oh, he left while you girls were dressing?" Teddy explained. "I tried all I knew to persuade him to stay; but he said he would be like a skeleton at the feast. And he really did seem awfully down, poor old fellow!"

Thir turned away, with a sudden sensation of hopelessness at her heart; but, as she turned, her glance fell upon Captain Thorn, and a mad idea darted through her mind.

"How elegantly got-up these military men always look in evening dress!" she said, eyeing Captain Thorn's snowy shirt-front with a frown apparently of disfavor, but in reality only of keen inquiry. "I wonder now if Captain Thorn has changed his shirt since the morning?"

Teddy looked amazed for the moment, and then burst out laughing at the oddity of the remark.

"By-the bye, Thir," he said, as she turned towards a seat, "Tryan left a special message for you; and, though I could not make head or tail of it, I promised to deliver it, of course. 'Ask her to forget my abominable fit of temper this afternoon,' he said; 'and tell her that nobody wishes her more happiness in her future life than I do!' Sounds almost like a message of marriage congratulations, doesn't it? Weren't you able to smooth away the trouble, Thir? When I saw you talking together this afternoon, I hoped things were straightening themselves."

"Not yet," she answered, with a sigh; "but they may do so even now, Teddy. Go, dear boy; Miss Miller has been watching us quite jealously for ever so long! Tell her that I love you as a son. I think she's just too sweet and dainty for anything, Teddy! And now," she added to herself, as Teddy went off, nothing loath, "to find out if Captain Thorn has made that change in his attire since the morning!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

CAPTAIN THORN had changed his attire since the morning; and so Thir had to rely upon her memory for Tryan's address, and could not refresh it by a glance at the Captain's shirt-cuff. Of the name of the street she was quite sure, because her mother's doctor in New York had had the same name; but she was rather doubtful about the number.

It did not really matter much. If there were ninety houses, she would try every one of them before she would give in. Were Tryan and she to lose their life-long happiness because she had found out the mistake he had made just an hour too late to set it straight? Never, never!

When she and her aunts had arrived home a few minutes before midnight—Muriel's wedding-dance had of necessity been a "Cinderella," since the exigencies of Captain Miller's leave had necessitated the wedding taking place on a Saturday—Thir had searched the room in an easy careless fashion until she had found the small local time-table and slipped it into her pocket.

Once safely in her bed-room, she found out that, if she wanted to get to Hull before one o'clock on Sunday, she must leave Quilter's Common station at a quarter-past eight. Not that that presented much difficulty to her, for, she having once made up her mind on the main point, everything else seemed by comparison of the slightest importance.

Even when she rose at six o'clock and found that the sky was lowering and that the rain was coming down steadily, it never caused her a troubled thought. In her present mood she would have waded knee-deep through mud to Tryan.

She was rather glad that it rained, she told herself, being in that state of mind which sees only good in everything; she would be more likely to escape attention on her way to the station in her macintosh with her umbrella up.

As she went downstairs, she slipped a note under the door of "Aunt Polly's" bedroom, explaining that she had gone to Hull to church, and would be back in time for the Sunday two o'clock dinner.

As soon as she had passed the doctor's house the sun peeped, wan and pale, through the gray canopy overhead; and she put down her umbrella and walked along with head erect, sniffing the exquisite air of the morning and feeling as if she would like to shout for very gladness.

Near by the station she came upon a tuft of primroses growing on the top of the bank. She would pluck them for Tryan. If she could only have given them to him as they were—each small white lipped chalice filled with a quivering raindrop!

It was raining again by the time she reached Hull, and she was glad to hail a cab and so escape the mud of the streets; but she had to face it when they reached Whitmore Terrace and she began her search.

She would try numbers seventeen and nineteen first, because those numbers were running in her head so persistently that she could not help hoping there was some reason for their doing so.

Number seventeen proved wrong; but, when the door of number nineteen was opened, the first thing that caught her eye was Tryan's Irish frieze overcoat, hanging against the wall of the little hall.

"Is your mistress at home?" she asked of the small servant who came to the door. "I believe your lodger is leaving you to-day; and I am in search of apartments."

"Missis don't take no ladies," said the girl, looking at Thir's waterproofs with a disparaging air.

"Oh, but it is for my brother!" replied Thir sweetly. "Will you be so exceedingly polite and good-natured as to ask your mistress to come to me? I am in no hurry; I will wait here until she can see me." And she moved boldly forward and seated herself with her back against the dear old coat. If the girl had not been there, she would have laid her cheek against it and crushed it.

The girl looked at her sourly, but shut the door without further demur, then shuffled along the fusty passage and disappeared into the depths at the end, muttering some incivility as she went.

"Poor Tryan!" murmured Thir, as she looked after the tousled grumbling handmaiden.

But she was careful to be very amiable to the lady of the house when that personage appeared, bringing with her an odor of Yarmouth bloaters, which suggested an interrupted meal.

"I'm afraid I have disturbed you at breakfast," said Thir apologetically; "but the fact is I am in rather a hurry. I suppose the servant told it is not for myself that I need the rooms?"

"No; she only said that you wouldn't go, and I'd better come and see you myself. She's a rough-tempered one is 'Liza; but there's no real harm in her. When was your friend wanting the rooms, miss?"

"O, quite soon!" answered Thir, feeling herself to be a terrible hypocrite. "Do you think I could get a peep at them this morning? I've come some distance—from Quilter's Common; and I want to——"

"Quilter's Common!" ejaculated the landlady. "Well, if that ain't a remarkable thing! Why, I expect you know the gentleman I've got in the rooms now—young Mr. Cambray—one of the nicest lodgers I've ever had in my life miss! And such a heap of trouble, too, as he's gone through since he's been with me! My heart has fair ached for him, often and often, when I've gone in with his tea and seen him sitting by the fire, with an empty pipe in his mouth, and gone in to fetch the tray out again an hour after, and found him still there, empty pipe and all. And him always so much the real gentleman too! I'll be bound you know him, miss!"

"Of course I do!" replied Thir promptly. "But I thought—I thought he was going abroad?"

"So he is, miss—this very day; in fact, all his heavy luggage has been gone since Wednesday. The rooms are in a regular uproar, miss; but you'd make allowance for that. He'll let you see 'em fast enough; he's never one to make a fuss about trifles. I'll go up and see if he's finished his breakfast. You come along, and wait outside the door while I see. Maybe he'll be glad to have a friend to wish him good luck just as he's starting, miss!"

"Maybe!" exclaimed Thir.

She was a little dismayed to find how fast her heart was beating as she followed the good-natured woman up the dimly-lighted staircase; but it beat faster presently when she heard Tryan's voice inside the room giving a pleasant assent to the landlady's request.

"The lady must excuse the litter, you know, Mrs. Weston," he said; and through the crack of the door she saw him push his chair back from the table and walk over to the window.

"Come in, miss!" cried Mrs. Weston; and as Thir entered the room Tryan turned towards her with a courteous bow, and stopped half way with a gasp, looking at her in profound astonishment.

"Quite a coincidence, isn't it?" she cried, with a show of vivacity, laughing gaily across the table at him, even while her cheeks flushed and paled and her lips twitched unsteadily.

"I've come to look at your rooms for my—brother. You have not met him yet, I think; and now I am afraid you will miss him. How are you this morning? Are you too surprised to shake hands?"

Thus reminded, he came forward towards her, and went through the usual formalities, though in a dazed perfunctory manner.

"Do you know, Mr. Cambray, when I heard I had by chance stumbled on your place of abode, I was that glad I could have sung for joy, because I am so awfully hungry! You see, I had to leave home without any breakfast, and I wondered if you would ask me to help you to finish up your eggs and bacon."

Mrs. Weston, busy clearing the breakfast-table, stopped suddenly.

"I'll get you some fresh ones cooked in five minutes, sir," she said. "Those ain't fit to offer to anybody." And, when Tryan had accepted the offer with a simple "Thank you!" the worthy woman went from the room without making a single remark.

Once outside, she stood still for a minute to recover her self-possession, and then went down to tell the story to the unamiable 'Liza.

"It's a lovers' quarrel, you mark my words!" she said. "If you could have seen the look on his face when she walked in at the door—play-acting is a fool to it! And fancy the daring of her—coming here to make it up the very day he meant to be off? That's what's been the matter with him all these months, 'Liza; and we never to recognise the symptoms! Well, I do hope they'll settle it all right between 'em, for she's got a happy cheerful heart, if a sweet smile means anything; and I don't know as a woman can take her husband a better fortune than a blithe spirit, let her be never so rich! No, my dear, we won't cook the eggs and bacon for a few minutes. We'll give 'em a chance, 'Liza; and, if we're a bit late with our dinner, I'll help you with the dishes myself. You sha'n't lose your afternoon out through it."

When the door had closed behind Mrs. Weston's ample figure there was silence between the two young people.

Tryan, looking very pale and worried, was standing with one hand resting on

the table, while he fidgeted uneasily with the end of his moustache with the other. His blue eyes, looking dark with pain, were fixed upon her face with a mistrustful expression, as if he hardly knew from which side to expect the attack.

As for Thir, she sat still, with downcast eyes, where he had seated her, in the chair behind the tea pot at the head of the table. Now that she had carried the position, she was siezed with a wild desire to laugh; and yet she knew she might endanger everything by a false start, so she repressed the inclination and sat quietly waiting for him to begin.

"Why have you come here, Thir?" he asked, with stern dignity.

"You forgot to bid me 'Good-bye,' Tryan; I came to make good your lack of manners."

"I thought you would have understood. I wanted to spare us both a little pain. There was no thought of offence in my mind. I sent you a message——"

"Oh, yes—I got the message! And that was another reason for my coming—I wanted to know what it meant."

"You wanted to be wilful, I think," he said, with a weary smile. "You were always self-willed, Thir, though not often in a selfish way."

"Does that mean that I am selfish today?" she asked, raising her tear-dimmed eyes to his. But he looked away and laughed, and evaded the question.

"Now you are here, you will have to stay an hour or two. There is no train back until after service time. Do your aunts know where you are?"

"Near enough not to fret about it," she answered.

"Are you wet?" he inquired, seeming to find comfort in these commonplace remarks. "Let me put your cloak behind the door." She rose obediently and allowed him to divest her of her mackintosh. "You see my landlady allows me a peg in the sitting room for my smoke-jacket."

"It is exceedingly kind of her!" observed Thir, imitating his smooth polite manner, though her lips were still tremulous with the desire to laugh. "If you were my lodger, I don't think I should be so indulgent. I don't think I should make a good landlady!"

"I don't think you would!"

A smile flashed across his face at the idea, but it was gone again instantly.

"No—I should want to tyrannise over my lodgers too much; and of course, being free to come and go as they liked, they would—go; and I should be left with an empty house and no means of paying my rent!"

He carried her cloak over to the door; and she went to the old-fashioned chimney-glass, stood on tip-toe, and with deft fingers loosened out the damp hair round her temples. When he had hung up the cloak, he remained on the other side of the table, as if he felt more sure of himself with some obstacle between them.

"Does anybody know you have come here this morning, Thir?"

"Not a soul, friend Tryan!"

He sighed, and stood for a moment watching her with eyes that would grow tender in spite of himself. He was trying hard to feel annoyed about the whole business; and yet what a delight it was to look at her again!

"Do you mean to tell—Darncombe?"

She stooped suddenly, as if to pick up a pin from the rag at her feet, and so he lost sight of her face for a few seconds. She understood it all now. He had fallen into the error of believing that she was the attraction which drew Major Darncombe to Dale Cottage, and he believed that she appreciated the elderly Major's attention's.

How dared he think such a thing of her? And how dared he be so humble-minded as to think she would so soon—— Oh, she had no patience with him at all!

"Shall I tell Major Darncombe? No—I think not. What good would it do, you know?" She was in a temper now, and would not speak right out and explain things at once, as she might have done.

"I wish you would," he said gravely. "I think our friendship is old enough to allow me to offer you a little advice. Never have secrets from your husband, Thir. There is no harm in your coming here to say 'Good-bye,' to an old friend, but there will be harm in making a secret of it. I wish you would tell Darncombe!"

He saw her face in the mirror as she gaily shook her head.

"No—I really couldn't! I don't acknowledge his right to dictate to me in any way. I wish I could oblige you, friend Tryan, as this is the last time we shall meet for ever so long. I'd do a great deal to please you this morning—but not that. Why should I kow-tow to my aunt's fiance, you know? It isn't reasonable to ask it of me."

He neither spoke nor moved for what seemed to her an hour. She could see him in the mirror, standing perfectly still on the other side of the room, looking across at the back of her head. The silence lasted so long that she began to wonder if her news had turned him to stone. But presently he strode across the room so impetuously that the windows rattled, and came and stood behind her, looking at her face in the disfiguring mirror.

"It isn't downright flattering—is it?" she said, nodding and laughing at him. "But, even so, you're better worth looking at than anything else in the room, friend Tryan!"

"Your aunt's fiance," he cried—"your aunt's?" He put his hands upon her shoulders and swung her round, so that her face was close to his.

"Well, I'm going begging just now, friend Tryan," she replied meekly, with downcast eyes and serious lips. "I suppose you don't know of any vacancy in that line likely to suit me?"

"Thir, look at me!" He was shaking now—she could feel his hands trembling upon her shoulders. "I can't think how this mistake has come about. You're—you're not fooling me, Thir?"

She looked straight into his eyes.

"Did I ever tell you a lie, friend Tryan?"

He slipped his hand from her shoulder and put it round her neck and pressed his lips upon hers; while her hand stole up to his cheek caressingly.

"And so I am to have a rich wife after all, Thir!"

"Well, I conclude you have to take the money too, Tryan! It is just the qualifying drop of bitterness, you see. If I had not got those dollars for you to vex yourself about, life would be too sweet for anything!"

"And this is the end of all my stiff-necked pride! Thir, you'll have to make lots of allowance for me! I'm afraid it will try my temper awfully to accept so many favors from my wife."

"Oh, but I mean to put you in the way of earning your own living, my dear!" she observed, with a practical air. "We'll start the old stud again, and you shall make a fortune for yourself out of the yearling sales."

"You little witch!" he cried, laying his cheek to hers. "How do you know my heart and mind so well?"

"I reckon it's because I've given the subject such close attention," she said, looking at him with eyes that shone, even as his did, with a love that was all the purer for having gone through the furnace of doubt and trial. Presently she began again. "And about the heavy luggage that is already on board, friend Tryan?"

"Thir, if you call me 'friend Tryan' again, I'll be the death of you!"

"Well, 'Try,' then," she said, laughing gleefully. "About the heavy luggage, Try?"

"Oh, the heavy luggage can go to Jericho, and come back again by the next boat!"

"Tryan, go away over to the window; I can hear the eggs and bacon coming upstairs!"

"I shall not budge an inch! I'm going to tell Mrs. Weston the whole story of your shameless pursuit of me this instant. Ah, Thir, my well-beloved, why should I be so much happier than all the rest of the world?"

"To make up for some of the sorrow you've gone through. The universal law of compensation, friend—Try, I mean."

She spoke lightly, because she was feeling deeply. He had had enough emotion to last him for "a good spell," she said to herself.

And so it happened that by the time they reached Dale Cottage for the two o'clock train Sunday dinner, Tryan was laughing as Thir had never heard him laugh before.

Their first welcome came from Shoolah. The little creature was watching from the drawing-room window for Thir's return; and, when she saw the two young people coming up the garden-path under one umbrella, she seemed to understand the whole business at a glance, and made such an exhibition of hysterical joy that Thir was obliged to soothe her before she could begin her half-shamed explanation to Major Darncombe and her aunts.

Darncombe was delighted; he looked as if he would like to smack Thir upon the back, but contented himself with a hearty kiss instead, and a warm grip of the hand for Tryan.

Miss Carry wept from happiness, and hugged the heroine of the hour until Thir was obliged to cry out for mercy.

And "Aunt Carry" never knew how quietly Thir had substituted her for herself when the major came to Dale Cottage a-wooing; and indeed the major never knew it himself. But Thir knew all about it, and congratulated herself secretly on the success of her only attempt at match-making.

Of course "Aunt Polly" was scandalized at her niece's conduct—at least, she said she was—but she was cordiality itself to Tryan, and the suggestion of an early marriage originated with her, so that her feeling of horror could not have been very deep.

Thir wrote to Dora Valland the same night; and the answer, when it came, was full of a tender sympathy which Thir had never expected. But it was impossible that those two women should do justice to each other.

* * * * * *

The Rector's daughter had prophesied truly—she never came back to Quilter's Common. Mr. Valland and his new wife returned home in time to take part in the public welcome which was got up by the villagers to mark their pleasure at the return of Tryan Cambray to his old home; but the Rector had left his only child quietly sleeping in one of the most beautiful of God's-acres in lovely Devon.

The stubborn will was bent at last, the fierce vehement nature had ceased to beat itself against the iron bars of destiny. And none the less still and quiet did she sleep now because she had fought her way to that long rest through the storm and tempest of unrequited love.

[THE END.]

MOSQUITOES ON GUARD.—Among the sands of the Volador River, a stream rising in the Sierra de S. Martha, in South America, is to be found enough gold to satisfy the most avaricious, and yet no one has succeeded in removing it, so abundant and terrible are the mosquitoes of that region.

The first to attempt the task was the French Vice-Consul at Rio Hacha, who had obtained the concession of this Eldorado well knowing the difficulties in the way. He took with him a large and ingeniously-constructed gauze tent.

For two days he tried to live under its shelter and watch the operations of his workmen, who toiled in the stifling heat, clothed in thick garments, and protected by heavy boots, thick gloves and veils. At the end of the second day, however, both employer and employes were compelled to give up the struggle.

An Indian some time afterwards obtained permission from him to try whether any better success would attend his efforts. This gentleman started out with a party of six, all of whom laughed at the idea of being stopped by the insects, and consequently took no precautions against their attacks.

In less than half an hour they were forced to flee, and only found their way back to Rio Hacha with difficulty, for the eyes of five were so badly swollen that they were quite blind. The sixth's face was a sight to behold, and he had to pick out the pathway with the aid of one eye, which the mosquitoes had not entirely closed.

Nevertheless, some of the savage natives of the mountains, from whose rocky steeps the river comes tumbling down, can venture into this region with impunity, being rendered mosquito-proof by reason of their bodies being covered with the scales of that awful disease, leprosy. Strange to say, the mosquitoes will not touch them. But no human power, apparently, can lure them from their rude caves on the mountain side and make them labor for the white man.

BIRDS NEVER LAID THERE.—"You are indeed laboring under a mistake if you imagine that the collector of birds' eggs is not, like other people with hobbies, subject to the wiles of counterfeiters," said a well-known dealer in natural history objects.

"I have specimens by me, and have seen scores of others, of artificial eggs of the rarer kinds of birds known to collectors, and some of these are in form, marking, material and general appearance so like the genuine specimens that I doubt if any but an expert could detect the forgery.

"Till about four years back there was a workman in London who, for his master, a dealer like myself, invented a process by which lime could be so treated chemically that when moulded and sprinkled with coloring matter, as is the vast quantity of artificial marble on the market, exact reproductions of the rarer eggs could be fabricated at will.

"Unfortunately, this man's master yielded to the temptation, and had it not been that they began to overdo the thing, I doubt if the fraud would have been discovered, for recollect always that birds' eggs are examined in very gingerly fashion by their owners, and other folk scarcely ever see the specimens except in a cabinet.

"And any amount of trouble in the counterfeiting is amply repaid, for the rare eggs may fetch anything from $25 to $500 each. The counterfeiting is never attempted, so far as I know, in regard to such large specimens as the egg of the Great Auk, the chances of discovery being too great.

"Both the counterfeiters I have mentioned had to escape to America, warrants being out for their arrest, and I am told that they still sell beautifully made imitations for what they are, these being used by collectors to fill up blank spaces in their cabinets.

"But the inventive couple have left lots of imitators in Europe, the most skilful of these living at a resort much affected by naturalists on the Continent, and finding many dupes amongst rich amateurs of limited knowledge.

"I ought to say that one of the fraudulent devices in connection with birds' eggs is to so alter and add to the color and and marking of some commoner specimen that bears originally a certain likeness to a rare egg, that the former is passed off for the latter.

"So far as the wholly artificial shells are concerned, it is part of my business as an expert to pronounce judgment upon specimens sent to me, and I have frequently had to condemn a dozen supposed rarities in one collection."

LIVE ON THE SECOND STORY.—A well-known Hungarian hygienist has been investigating the effects of living in cellars, ground floors, and upper floors respectively, upon the duration of life in Buda Pesth.

He found that the dwellers in cellars lived to about thirty-nine years and eleven months; those on the ground floor to forty-three years and three months, those on the first and second floors lived to forty-four years and two months; while those on the third and fourth floors lived only to forty-two years.

These results he explains by the fact that the air of cellars or basements is never healthy neither are such places easily ventilated.

Those living on the first and second floors seem to have the longest lease of life. This is as might be expected from the greater freedom that the air of these floors enjoys from foul gases, microbes, and germs, animal emanations, and street dust.

Much here depends, however, upon the character of the stairs; steep, hard stairs tend to shorten life, while easy, low-step ones, broken by landings at every eight or ten steps, will lengthen it. Spiral staircases are particularly harmful. The effects of stair-climbing are visible in the two years' shorter life enjoyed by the inhabitants of the upper floors.

Similar conclusions have been arrived at by investigation in Berlin, with the exception that in the latter city the basements give less mortality than the immediate street floor. In Berlin the basements are occupied by a well-to-do class, whereas in Buda Pesth, only the very poorest live in them.

Furthermore, those who can afford a first or second floor flat are, as a rule, better clothed, better fed, and capable of surrounding themselves with better hygienic conditions than their neighbors on either the basement or the upper floors.

They are also less likely to suffer any physical ill effects due to occupation than those on the other floors; although, on the other hand, these better favored ones probably do more worrying, and are apt to suffer more from diseases that arise from worry and anxiety as well as acute brain or nervous affections.

So that were we to people the first and second floors with the less worrying but poorer class, their length of life would probably far exceed its present average.

THE misfortunes which arise from the concurrence of unhappy incidents should never be suffered to disturb us before they happen, because, if the breast be once laid open to the dread of mere possibilities of misery, life must be given a prey to dismal solitude, and quiet must be lost for ever.

UNREALITIES.

BY M. J. S.

Last night I walked in dreamland by your side,
O dear lost love of mine!
I dreamt that naught but death could us divide,
O dear lost love of mine!
Your strong arm held me close—we did not speak;
I felt your flutt'ring breath upon my cheek,
O dear lost love of mine!

I woke—to find a gap of empty years
Between your soul and mine,
And leagues of sea—that world of briny tears—
Between your soul and mine—
To find that you are there, and I am here,
Each soul alone within its distant sphere,
O dear lost love of mine!

Plot and Counterplot.

BY H. F. L.

"MEET me at Chorleywood station on Tuesday next at six punctually. We fly together, then or never.

"Yours,
"F. M."

This, written on a half-sheet of pink, scented paper, in a running feminine-looking hand, was clear enough to disturb any sister.

It came positively as a domestic thunderbolt upon Miss Thudicum's wits, when she picked it up by chance on the floor of her brother's dressing-room. She had to read the words slowly, aloud, over and over to herself before the awful idea became fixed in her brain, that her brother, Samuel—that was her brother's name—was about to elope.

"After keeping house for him, too, for fifteen years! The deceitfulness of men," she confided to her furniture. She would not even admit that Mr. Thudicum, being a bachelor, had a right to marry clandestinely if he so chose.

"He to become a castaway!" (She might more appropriately have said a "fly-away.") "At his age! And who is F. M.?" She ran her mental eye over the ladies that she and her brother both knew. No, there was nobody answering those initials.

Now perhaps the correct course to have adopted would have been to have gone straight to the delinquent, put the letter before him, and said, "I have found this. What does it mean?"

But such a plan had no pleasant finesse about it. Besides, Mr. Thudicum was out; he was in the City. So when his sister—a clever enough woman in her way, with literary ideals and tastes—had recovered from the effects of the shock, she set about devising a plan of campaign that should be all the more deadly because she was determined that her brother should have no inkling of her suspicions. She would watch him. She would form ambushes. She would make certain of the position before she acted.

Resolved as she was not to show her hand, Miss Thudicum yet had a good deal of ordinary, indignant, scandalised human nature about her, so that her efforts to conceal from her brother the disturbance of soul from which she was suffering were not entirely successful.

"My dear Lavinia!" said he on the next morning, before setting off for business, "I am afraid you want a change of air."

"Wanting to get me out of the way, hypocrite!" thought she.

"Yes," went on Samuel as his sister was silent. "I noticed that your manner last evening and again this morning was strange. That influenza you had is evidently not shaken off yet."

"Had you not better think of your own state, Samuel?"

"My own state? Oh, I am quite sure now that this is one of the—um—sequelæ of influenza. It is a most depressing disease."

"Depressing! There are other things depress one besides influenza."

"Other things? But you haven't had those other complaints, and you have had influenza. You were lucky not to get bronchitis after it, so you've got nerves instead. You should really have a change."

"I am likely to have a long one, soon."

"By-the-bye," he remarked, ignoring the tone of her last observation, "I have rather important business at the office, and I really fear I shall not be back—um—till the late afternoon."

"Why, this is Saturday! On Saturdays you always come home to luncheon."

"Not always, Lavinia."

"I have never known you miss."

Mr. Thudicum felt that his sister was right.

"Um—I ought perhaps to tell you," he began, "that I am engaged——"

Engaged! It was coming.

"In an operation of some importance. There's a certain element of risk about it, no doubt. But"—hastily—"it's quite safe—oh, yes, quite safe!"

"Safe, and yet risky? I'm afraid I don't quite understand you, Samuel."

"Well, it's not exactly a gilt edged security, I mean," said Samuel, feeling cornered.

"A gilt-edged security!" thought Miss Thudicum. "What a way to talk of a wife with money! He must be alluding to the dowry."

"I would gladly explain all about it, but at present I'm—I'm pledged to secrecy. There's another person—um!—a friend of mine—involved in it, you see."

"There generally is, Samuel."

And Samuel went off. Lavinia's manner was very unaccountable, he thought. It disturbed him; but something else that occurred on the way to the station disturbed him a great deal more.

He happened to look in at Duncan's shop. Duncan was the invaluable suburban librarian and stationer.

"Ha, Mr. Thudicum! you're just the gentleman I was wanting to see. I should like to consult you over a matter. Step in here, sir."

Leading the way into his private business sanctum, Mr. Duncan closed the door, and said in a mysterious whisper:

"You are an old customer, and will pardon the liberty I take; but I feel bound to let you know what is going on."

This was a strange beginning, and Mr. Thundicum waited to hear more.

"You know," proceeded the bookseller, "that I take in letters for parties at this address?"

"Oh, yes, I knew that!"

"Highly-respectfully people, too, often like having their letters sent to them under the rose, so to speak, and no harm in it, either. But it's rather queer when ladies take to that sort of thing." And he paused with a suggestive look into his customer's eyes.

"Ladies?"

"Yes!"—in a stage whisper. "What would you say, sir, if I were to tell you that your sister is having letters sent here addressed to 'L. Thudicum, Esquire'?"

"I shouldn't believe you."

"I thought you'd say so. Then look at this." And he produced a post-card.

"Being a post-card, I took the liberty of reading what was on it. If it weren't for what is written there, I don't think I should have troubled you; it's like a breach of the lady's confidence. But, still, you are her brother, and I thought it a duty to let you know. I hope you'll see it in the same light, sir, and I hope you won't mention to the lady that I told you."

"What's on the card?" asked Mr. Thudicum, feeling that Duncan was probably a meddlesome booby who would have to be snubbed.

He read aloud slowly those portentous words—

"If convenient, please meet me at the Gaiety Theatre at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening—stage door."

"There's no name—not even an initial, you see," said the fussy bookseller.

Mr. Thudicum, of course, affected to take matters very lightly.

"There's some simple explanation," he said. "My sister can take good care of herself. She's a clever woman, and has had influenza, and—and—well, I will speak to her on the subject. Many thanks!"

He thought about the problem all the morning. His head was still full of it when he returned home in the afternoon. The idea of the usually staid Lavinia having secret correspondence addressed to her, adopting an alias, and meeting nameless strangers at theatre doors, seemed to him like a bad kind of nightmare. The one redeeming point was that her correspondent wrote on a post-card. That looked, at all events, as if neither of them was at all ashamed of publicity.

At dinner something led to the subject of the "new woman," and Mr. Thudicum was tempted to remark that the only thing he admired about her was her openness.

Miss Thudicum tartly replied that "some people seemed to imagine that secrecy was a monopoly of the male sex!"

Mr. Thudicum thought the "old woman"—he meant the former kind of woman—who did not want a latch-key, and who would never venture to a place of amusement without a chaperon, was a greatly superior article.

"I hope when you select a wife," she retorted, "you will have the sense to allow her reasonable liberty—the sort of liberty you take yourself!"

"She sha'n't go to theatres by herself!" blurted out Mr. Thudicum.

"Theatres are admirable institutions—acting is a divine art!" replied his sister.

"He's an actor," said the brother to himself. He replied aloud: "Quite so—quite so; but, still, taken in moderation and with proper companionship."

"Clearly 'F. M.' is not an actress. That's one comfort," thought Lavinia.

Domestic matters progressed with ominous smoothness until the fatal Tuesday was reached. On that morning Mr. Thudicum was evidently in a state of high nervous tension.

He at once have liked to take his sister into his confidence, but he felt that he could not in honor do so. Perhaps it was this that gave him, prosperous, respected citizen as he was, a distinctly hang-dog look, which his sister was not slow to notice.

"Conscious guilt," she said to herself severely. Then she began to wonder whether at the eleventh hour, Samuel would repent for his projected clandestine marriage to "F. M."

Just before his usual time for starting cityward, Lavinia felt that she must say something—something to keep him from going over the precipice. The worst of it was that she was not sure whether the supposed precipice were not a mere sand-hill.

"Will you be back early, Samuel?"

"Um! By-the-bye, Lavinia, I ought to tell you I shall be dining at the city to-night."

"Ah!"

"Yes; and I've been asked to go down to Chorleywood this afternoon"—Lavinia gasped; was the revelation coming?—"and play a game of golf. There are links at Chorleywood, you know."

"You play golf, Samuel? You don't know how to!"

"One gets into the way of it very soon, they say."

"Far too soon!"—impressively. "What is play to you, Samuel, may be death to me!"

Mr. Thudicum looked quite scared.

"I wish you would not be so gloomy about things," he said.

"Are you determined to bring ruin on yourself, Samuel?"

"Ruin, Lavinia! Oh, that horrid influenza! Do you take your tonic regularly?"

His sister boiled over.

"Samuel! Pretense is useless. I know why you are going to Chorleywood. I know whom you are to meet there!"

Her brother looked dumbfounded.

"How did you find it out?"

"I picked up a letter that you dropped."

"Pardon me, Lavinia! Perhaps I ought not to run the risk."

"Oh, Samuel, I am glad you see it now. Then you will give her up?"

"Give her—oh, you mean give it up. Not a bit. I am pledged in honor to it."

"But are you not pledged, too, to your own sister?"

"Not in the same way. In a minor degree, you know. I assure you there's no harm in it."

"No harm in it! In a minor degree! Samuel, base as I know the majority of men to be, I never expected to hear such atrocious sentiments from my own brother."

Samuel was roused.

"Well, if it comes to that, Lavinia"—Mr. Thudicum was about to embark on a disquisition about ladies and strangers and meetings at theatres; but he would put it more directly. "Let us change the subject! I shall be passing Duncan's shop on my way—Duncan's shop—have you any—any orders to give—um?"

Lavinia retreated within her defences at once.

"Duncan's?" she said suspiciously.

"Yes. A useful man, that."

"Very. But that is not the point, Samuel," tragically, "will you return this evening?"

To his sister's into. se surprise, Samuel said:

"I hope to be back at nine, if all goes well."

And Mr. Thudicum, who hated scenes, said "Good-bye," and walked out quickly.

"He expects to be back at nine!" Lavinia could only murmur to herself. She subsided on to a sofa.

In a few moments she had formed a resolution. When Samuel arrived at Chorleywood to carry out his mysterious but insane purpose, she would be there.

Accordingly, about five that afternoon she set out. Fate was rather unkind to her, for her train into town was unaccountably stopped and delayed, so that at Baker street she missed the connection on which she had counted, and had to wait an hour.

She had intended being at the trysting-spot at a quarter to six: as a matter of fact, she could not arrive till a quarter to seven, and the meeting was arranged for six. Suppose she found the birds flown! She paced up and down the platform in impotent fury.

There is a lovely upland common at Chorleywood sacred to golfers. It comes sloping down the railway line on one side, and continues on into a hollow on the other. And usually the red-coated golfer may be seen from a distance indulging in his afternoon tea.

What Miss Thudicum beheld on this occasion was very different. Rickmansworth was left behind; the train was slowing down to enter Chorleywood station, and Lavinia, standing up at the window in excitement, witnessed a strange sight.

Along the grassy brow of the hill she noticed something like a couple of sails moving rapidly, with what looked like a huge washing-basket, slung on little wheels, beneath the sails. Was this a new development of golf?

No sooner had she framed the thought than the washing-basket arrived at the edge of the hill, and actually launched out into the air, while the wings flapped as though it were a gigantic fowl striving to leave its native earth.

There followed a creaking noise, plainly audible; one wing ceased to move; the basket assumed a lopsided attitude and descended rapidly towards the ground, and when it was about a couple of yards from the grass two large dark objects fell out.

This was hardly what she had come to see. She took a hurried look all round the platforms. Her brother was nowhere visible. A dive into waiting-rooms revealed no eligible lady. She started off to the village, intending to see if the runaway couple were at the local inn; incidentally she would examine what kind of improved golf it was that was being inaugurated at Chorleywood.

She came upon the ridge. Two men, she saw, were talking in an animated way, with a small crowd of yokels around them. For the first time the idea flashed upon her that what had fallen from the basket must have been human beings. She drew near, and to her inexpressible astonishment beheld—Mr. Samuel Thudicum! Very dishevelled, rather dirty—he had fallen out into a marsh—and obviously was disconcerted at the mishap.

"I see it all!" she exclaimed, as she ran to him and fell on his neck, to his intense disgust. "Oh, Samuel, what an idiot I have been!"

"I am sure you have, Lavinia. You seem to be one still. Before these people, too. Is it not enough humiliation to have an experiment in aeronautics fail—though I never believed in it as much as Mildmay—without being messed over by you? What on earth brought you here?"

"Who is the lady, Thudicum?" said the other gentleman. He looked about fifty, with grizzled hair, and a face that would have been pleasant if there had not been a patch of soil on one side of it and a rapidly discoloring bruise on the other.

"This is my sister, Miss Thudicum. Let me introduce you to her—Mr. Frank Mildmay. A friend of mine, Lavinia, and an inventor."

"F. M.," said Lavinia. "Of course."

The stranger bowed.

"You seemed to have divulged our secrets, Thudicum," he said in a complaining tone.

"No, you mistake. My sister is over-anxious. Found one of your letters. And I suppose she thought she would be in at the death."

"Wish she had come earlier," growled Mr. Mildmay. "She might have helped to steady the machine. It was that starting off too early, before I had got the wings out, which made it collapse."

"Well, it has collapsed," said Samuel.

"And you are saved!" said Lavinia joyfully. She would not reveal her suspicions to her brother. He would only laugh at her. He had come to Chorleywood to fly with F. M., and had he not flown?

Their return journey to town—after Mr. Thudicum had recuperated in the village inn—was rather a gloomy one. Mr. Thudicum was thinking of the scene he had just gone through. Miss Thudicum was

thinking of that which still awaited her, and of how she could possibly manage to get away from her brother to keep her appointment at the Gaiety. She decided to get lost.

Baker street is a station with numerous platforms and staircases, and it lent itself quite readily to such a design.

"Ah, ha!" chuckled Samuel, as his sister disappeared up one staircase like a hunted hare; "I see how it is. I was forgetting about that nice little Gaiety plot. She came to Oborleywood to see what I was up to. I'll repay her by being at the Gaiety to watch her manœuvres."

He emerged at a distant exit into the street, intending to leap into the first available cab. But no cab was to be seen. "Never mind," he thought, "I'll take a bus."

But busses are slow, and by the time that Mr. Thudicum was put in the Strand the clocks were already pointing to half-past eight. Half an hour after Lavinia's interview, or whatever it was, should have commenced.

He had not formed any plan of operations, and he was standing on the pavement outside the theatre wondering whether Lavinia were more likely to be found in the stalls, the boxes, or the green room, when who should step out of a door close by but Lavinia herself. Her brother gave one look—it was the stage door.

Lavinia stopped dead short when she saw him, and turned very pale.

"Are you going on the stage?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Why are you here, Samuel?" Anything to gain time to think what line to adopt.

Samuel did not reply directly. He only whispered still more impressively:

"The stage door!"

"Yes," said his sister. "Well, I have gained a lesson this afternoon that one ought not to keep things secret from one's relatives, so I'll just tell you all about it. I have written a play."

"Written a play—you!"

"You are not complimentary to my powers," she spoke in an injured tone. "Not only have I written it, but the lessee seems very pleased with it. I think he'll produce it. It's a high-class comedy in four acts. Its being so very high-class he did say might be a little against it, but he has known plays by new writers go with a roar."

"Go with a roar." Mr. Thudicum felt too stupified to do more than blankly repeat his sister's words.

"Come, congratulate me, Samuel," she said smiling, but the smile faded away and gave place to a frown; for why was Samuel here at all? Could he have been spying—meanly following her?

"Perhaps you will explain your presence in this neighborhood," she said frigidly.

"Oh, well"—he was just going to disclose about Mr. Duncan, but that would never do. "You see, I lost you at Baker street."

"I know you did."

"Then I wondered—I mean I could not decide where you had gone—and so I was going down to—to——"

"Ah"—in a relieved tone—"I understand. To give information at Scotland Yard to the police?"

"Um—exactly."

"But I didn't know that by the Gaiety was the shortest route to Scotland Yard from Baker street."

"Oh, yes. The Gaiety leads to Scotland Yard, often. I may have come a little out of my way. You see, I felt so uneasy about you. It was a happy inspiration—because we have met."

And Lavinia never discovered the treachery of which Mr. Duncan had been guilty.

Dice.—The use of dice is very evidently derived from that universal form of divination, the casting of lots. "The lot," says the author of the Book of Proverbs, "is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord," and this belief of the Hebrew race is shared by all mankind, whether savage or civilised.

The medicine man in South Africa tosses the dolasses of his clients, and prophecies, by the way they fall, in which direction strayed cattle must be sought, or where the thief may be found, or the witch who has caused disease or death.

The dolasses used for this purpose among the Kaffirs and Hottentots are not dice, but perhaps the earliest of all divining implements, knuckle-bones, which, under the name of astragali, were used for much the same purpose throughout Europe in Roman times, and are now consigned in a state of survival to the games of children, who still play "dibs" by tossing knuckle-bones, although without any idea of their ancient use in divination.

This game, or one very similar, is illustrated in a terra-cotta group of girls, among the Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum. But among the Mashona a different kind of dolasses are used, somewhat resembling the Roman tali; like them, they are oblong, and consist of four to the set.

These are not numbered, but carved in knots and scrolls of different kinds, one especial pattern being a sort of conventional lizard, consisting of parallel zigzag lines, which perhaps may have some connection with rain, as parallel waved lines were used to symbolise water in Egyptian hieroglyphs, and are still so used among the American Indians. Mr. Bent, who describes and figures the dolasses of the Mashonas in his book on The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland, says:

"On the evening of the new moon they will seat themselves in a circle, and the village witch-doctor will go round, tossing each man's set of dolasses in the air, and by the way they turn up he will divine the fortune of the owner for the month."

Upon the death of a wealthy Indian, all his property is divided into small bundles, and at the first feast held in honor of the deceased, an Indian is chosen to represent his ghost.

This ghost plays against each of the invited guests singly for the property of the dead, and whoever wins against the ghost takes up a bundle and goes out of the tent, making room for the next player, till the whole of the bundles are disposed of. The plum stones used are seven in number for women, and eight for men.

Two are blackened on one side; two are blackened with spots left in the centre, of the original color of the stone; two have buffalo heads on one side, and across on the reverse; and two represent a crescent on one side, with a long line crossed by six shorter lines on the reverse.

Only one of the buffalo heads is used by women. There are six winning throws, and five which entitle to another throw. A bowl appears to be used in throwing the stones.

The use of dice, which we have thus shown to have been universal and very ancient, is now forbidden by law; but an exception is made in the case of the favorite game of backgammon, in which dice may still be thrown as of old, without fear of legal penalties.

Robinson Crusoe's Island.—It is not generally known that Juan Fernandez—the island on which Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of romance, lived for so many years—is at the present time inhabited.

Two valleys, winding down from different directions, join a short distance back from the shore, and here now stands a little village of small huts scattered round a long low one-storied building with a verandah running its whole length.

In this house lives the man who rents the island from the Chilian Government, and the village is made up of a few German and Chilian families. The tiny town is called San Juan Bautista, and the crater-like arms of the sea on which it is situated, and where Alexander Selkirk first landed, is now called Cumberland Bay.

The island is rented for about one thousand dollars a year. The rent is paid partly in dried fish. Catching and drying the many varieties of fish and raising cattle and vegetables wholly occupy the contented settlers, and much of their little income is obtained from the cattle and vegetables sold to passing vessels. The cattle need no care, and the vegetables almost grow wild. Turnips and radishes, first sown here by Selkirk himself, now grow rank and wild in the valleys like woods.

There is also a race of wild dogs, which completely overrun the island, depending for existence mainly upon seals. They are the descendants of a breed of dogs left by the Spaniards.

At the back of the little town, in the first high cliff, is a row of caves of remarkable appearance, hewn into the sandstone. An unused path leads to them, and a short climb brings one to their dark mouths.

About forty years ago the Chilian Government thought that a good way to be rid of its worst criminals would be to transport them to the island of Juan Fernandez. Here, under the direction of Chilian soldiers, these poor wretches were made to dig caves to live in.

In 1854 they were taken back again however, and the caves have since been crumbling away. The narrow ridge where Selkirk watched is now called "The Saddle," because at either end of it a big rocky hummock rises like a pommel. On one of these is now a large tablet, with inscriptions commemorating Alexander Selkirk's long and lonely stay on the island. It was placed there in 1868 by the officers of the British ship Topaz.

Little and Wise.—When living in Egypt a few years ago I had ample opportunity for studying the ant—more indeed, than I cared for; and what I myself observed proved conclusively to me that these small creatures have a means of communicating with one another which answers the purpose of speech.

The large brown cockroach, which is one of the present plagues of Egypt, is evidently considered a delicacy in the ant world, and one could never be killed without some member of that community finding it out.

To test their powers in this way, I remember placing a dead cockroach in the centre of a very wide verandah when not a single ant was in view, and then watching to see the result.

The dainty had not been there more than a minute when I saw a solitary ant hurrying towards it. Having speedily satisfied itself that there was no deception, it retired as quickly as it had come, and in an incredibly short space of time an army of ants had assembled to carry off the spoil.

The method they employed in doing this was the use of constant relays of bearers, who regularly relieved one another. I could see their movements exactly as they carried their burden away, and noticed, too, that there was a great deal of running backwards and forwards among the ants, as if messages were being taken from one section of the party to the other.

But the most remarkable piece of intelligence I witnessed was indoors one day. I had killed a cockroach and left it on the floor, knowing the ants would carry it away; and they came for it as usual, and took it to a hole in the wainscoting which was on the way home.

But the beetle was too large for the opening! At this discovery there was great excitement among the bearers, and an animated consultation appeared to be held, after which the cockroach was carefully dissected and taken into the hole bit by bit, a leg or a wing at a time.

Facts such as these speak for themselves, and no doubt many could be added to them.

For Woman's Adornment.—In Poland princesses and peasants wear round their throats several rows of coral beads, and so loth to part with these supposed bringers of good luck are they that when a grande dame is arrayed for a ball, and is obliged to put on pearls and diamonds, she carries her coral beads in her pocket.

In the plains of Provence and in parts of Normandy the wealthiest cling to their lace caps, the intrinsic value of which is sometimes inestimable, as they are often adorned with rare point lace, fastened down with quaintly chased golden pins—heirlooms in families.

The Russian "kakoohnik" is one of the most charming articles of adornment in Europe. It originated among the Muscovite peasant women, but has been adopted during this century by the ladies of the court, who have elaborated it into a red velvet cap embroidered in precious stones.

In Austria-Hungary is found the greatest divergence in the matter of costume. The garb of the Hungarian peasant is so attractive that the wealthy ladies copy it when on their estates.

It consists of a short, puffy skirt of crimson and yellow, a small, sleeveless velvet bodice imprisoning a snowy skirt, stiffly starched and embroidered in contrasting colors, and an artistically knotted head scarf, from under which escapes a thick braid of hair entwined with colored ribbons.

The Spanish mantilla is well known, and has been somewhat vulgarized on the comic stage.

The national dress of Roumania has escaped that fate. It consists of a white linen sleeveless garment, made with as few folds as possible, thickly embroidered in arabesque in bright red, sky blue, orange, yellow and black silk, intermingled with gold and silver threads, a band of similar embroidery encircling the waist, with streamers of colored ribbon falling therefrom in a cascade. The hair is braided in four plaits loosely tied, and the feet are encased in crimson kid slippers.

Scientific and Useful.

The Bicycle.—It is estimated that a man weighing 150 pounds, riding a bicycle at the rate of seven miles an hour, has a momentum of 1500 pounds, leaving out of the account the weight of the wheel. This is sufficient to upset a pedestrian with terrific force. As the momentum increases in greater proportion with increased speed, it can readily be imagined what damage can be done by collision.

Light.—What we call light is a wave motion in the ether, and is a transverse movement, too. Molecules have nothing to do with it expect to produce it. The waves of ether which effect the eye range from about four hundred millions of millions per second to eight hundred millions of millions per second, the longest waves being what we call red waves, while the shortest is called violet, though it is well known that waves much shorter than those in the common spectrum can be seen by some eyes.

Cleansing.—A soap for cleaning silk is made by heating one pound cocoanut oil to 96 degrees F., adding half pound caustic soda mixing thoroughly. Then heat half pound white Venetian turpentine, add to the soap and again mix thoroughly. The mixture is covered and left four hours, then heated again and one pound of ox gall is added to it and well stirred. Next pulverize some perfectly dry, good curd soap, and add it to the gall soap in sufficient quantity to make it solid. One or two pounds of curd soap will be needed. When cold the mass should be pressed into cakes.

Ball Tires.—A curious pneumatic ball tire for bicycles has been patented in England, substituting for the continuous tubular tire a series of rubber balls, set in cups at the outer end of the spokes; the balls are so arranged that they may be simultaneously inflated. Several advantages are claimed for this device, one of them being that no serious inconvenience will follow the puncturing of one or two of the balls. It is also claimed that there is a great saving of ground cohesion, and this will increase the ease and speed of propulsion.

Farm and Garden.

Care of Lawns.—Newly made lawns are liable to have noxious weeds appear. These should be carefully hand-weeded. If holes result, they should be filled with earth. The grass will soon spread in and take the places the weeds occupied. A good rolling with a hand roller, after weeding, is a good practice.

Horses.—The small farmer should produce the best horses, as he is better prepared to carefully mature the two or three colts constantly under his care, and by handling them constantly they are educate to work; but most do not appreciate their advantage; they raise the scrub, and let the larger dealers raise those in which are the most money.

To Kill Smut Spores in Oat Seed.—Run the seed through a good fanning mill. Spread out on a clear barn floor and sprinkle with water until quite wet. Scatter slaked lime over the dampened grain until the seed is quite white. Shovel the oats about until the lime is thoroughly mixed in, and let the heap lay 12 hours or more before sowing.

Orchard Form.—No doubt the fruit grower who desires to make the most of his trees must get acquainted with them and visit them frequently, even during the winter. Thus he can look after their welfare, protect them from rabbits and mice, pick off insect eggs from twigs wherever found, and otherwise assist them. To leave an orchard to its own resources all winter long is a big mistake.

Native Ferneries.—There is hardly anything more pleasing and beautiful than a bed of native ferns in a shady corner of the lawn, or in a garden. Many kinds of ferns may easily be obtained in the woods, where they should be taken up as early in spring as possible. When once established, they last an indefinite period if protected from the strong sun and kept tolerably moist.

Pleurisy Pains, Asthma and all Throat affections, are soon relieved by that certain remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. Best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

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On Being Critical.

It is one of the maxims of the "well-meaning person" that you should not be too critical. But well-meaning persons scatter their advice recklessly, out of the fulness of a soft heart untempered by the wisdom of a hard head. True, they have a habit of comfortably hedging their philosophy by a free use of the adverb "too" before the qualitative adjectives they condemn; but that is only for an exit in case of emergency, as it were.

And, as we cannot roundly condemn these kindly people, we express our opinion of them by calling them "well-meaning persons." The well-meaning person has a habit of confusing ideas, and is not generally quite happy in the choice of a word to express what he intends. When he says, "Don't be too critical," he actually means, "Don't be perpetually finding fault in a peevish spirit." But when the preacher or teacher goes astray in his definition, it is not always the fault of his hearers if his doctrine is misunderstood.

Whether it is the fault of these same "well-meaning people" or of those who set themselves up as professional critics without understanding their own mission, there is no doubt that the popular mind often recognizes less difference between fault-finding and criticism than between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Consequently criticism, whether indulged in as a private luxury, or resorted to publicly for the purpose of analyzing a book, picture, play, or political programme, is looked upon by many good souls with suspicion.

But there is no more justification for calling honest criticism the work of a grumbler than for claiming that the schoolboy who is taught to analyze a sentence and pick out such flaws as may exist is being encouraged in the habit of being discontented with English literature. To demand of everybody that they shall avoid being critical is to ask them to take the most retrograde step possible. Evolution is the result of criticism; and civilization is nothing but an outcome from the development of the critical faculty in man.

If the theories of our evolutionists are correct, the splendid plumage of many of the male birds is due to the very emphatic criticism of their mates, who demanded plenty of gay color in the dress of their consorts, and, in the language of the advertisement, saw that they got it. Instinct and inherited ideas are all very well for keeping the world at a stand-still; but, before it will budge an inch forward, the critical faculty must be brought into play.

In a measure, criticism may be called fault-finding; but it is in a much higher degree beauty-finding. It is a careful analysis of any quality or thing, and a searching among the component parts for the bad elements and the good elements. In its best form it throws away the bad, and is rewarded by the beauty of the purified remainder. But if, on the other hand, it chooses to collect the bad elements together, and to sit down and weep over them, or to be full of delight at having been clever enough to discover so much that is spurious, it is criticism all the same, though it may be particularly morbid.

Criticism is as the weeding of a garden; and the "well-meaning persons" who tell you not to be too critical do not really intend that you should not weed your garden thoroughly, but that you should, in fact, be painfully critical, and not go helter-skelter to work, pulling up handfuls all around you, without stopping to make sure that you are not throwing away something of value in your indiscriminate haste.

Your search for weeds may very well be named fault-finding; but for all that it has beauty as its aim. Still there is a kind of "smart" and spurious criticism which is in vogue, and which may also find its analogy in the garden. It is that kind of criticism which may be described as showing a keen nose for faults, and which finds its reward in a chuckle over the number of faults that have been discovered.

It is as though a gardener experienced more pleasure in the heap of weeds he threw on one side, and in the fantastic way in which he arranged them so that they should convey an exaggerated idea of their importance to the onlooker, than he did in the flowers on whose behalf, as he pretended, he had taken such elaborate pains. Of course a great deal of what is called criticism is now and ever has been of this kind.

The task of picking holes has always been a congenial one to many people, because it often passes current for cleverness, and, with a little veneer, may do duty for wit. But the critics in their turn are open to criticism; and it is for others to decide whether they speak with the authority of knowledge and practised judgment, or whether they beat a hollow drum.

A general injunction to be critical is advice wasted, since it is a practice that in different degrees is common to us all. We are critical about our friends, our houses, our clothes, and our forms of amusement. See how the development of taste, which is merely the expression of the critical faculty, has made itself felt among the working classes in numberless ways!

What a change has, for instance, come over the decoration of the mechanic's cottage during the last twenty years, although it is often ill enough to look at now! Something at least suggestive of an art spirit which has shown itself in the papers that now cover the walls. The old-fashioned china dogs and lustres that used to adorn the mantelpiece have given place to cheap but more decorative and often graceful ornaments.

The walls are not, it is true, hung with works of masters, old or young; but some very passable inexpensive reproductions of good work have in very many instances taken the place of those excruciating old prints which seem to have gone to perform their last duty in lodgings. Throughout all classes the critical faculty is continually asserting itself more and more, with a corresponding advancement of refinement.

Among other things, criticism has extended itself to food; and even the owners of slender purses are beginning to appreciate more fully the value of good cooking—a development which has of recent years received much official countenance and assistance.

In the matter of comfort generally criticism has asserted itself; and it is commonly accepted that a higher standard of living among the poorer classes is coming, and in many instances has come into vogue. In matters of science, too, it is the spirit of criticism—the sifting of theories, with the rejection of what is found to be bad and the preservation of what is only good—that leads to all advance and discovers what is not only of interest but of supreme value in our daily lives.

In short, the critical faculty, so far from being a quality to be avoided as tending to peevish discontent, is the pioneer of progress, the purifier of life, and the first step towards increased refinement and what is known as taste. It is of course a quality to be handled with care; but it is one which, if faced honestly, without prejudice, and with a simple desire to arrive at what is best and noblest in everything, can be cultivated only with advantage to the individual and to the community.

INDULGENCE in falsehood supplies those who are addicted to it with a plausible apology for every crime, and with a supposed shelter from punishment. It tempts them to rush into danger from the mere expectation of impunity; and, when practised with frequent success, it teaches them to confound the gradations of guilt, from the effects of which there is, in their imaginations at least, a sure and common protection. It corrupts the early simplicity of youth, it blasts the fairest blossoms of genius, and will, most assuredly, concentrate every effort by which we may hope to improve the talents and mature the virtues of those whom it infects.

THE Christian faith has been, and is still, very fiercely and obstinately attacked. How many efforts have been and are still made—how many books, serious or frivolous, able or silly, have been and are spread incessantly in order to destroy it in men's minds! Where has this redoubtable struggle been supported with the greatest energy and success? and where has Christian faith been best defended? There where the reading of the sacred books is a general and assiduous part of public worship; there, where it takes place in the interior of families, and in solitary meditation. It is the Bible, the Bible itself, which combats and triumphs most efficaciously in the war between incredulity and belief.

THERE is not any virtue the exercise of which, even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness upon the features; nor on them only, but on the whole body the moral and intellectual faculties have operation, for all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them; and on the gentleness and decision of right feeling follows grace of action, and, through continuance of this, grace of form.

TRUE happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. False happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others.

IF ever the happy time should arrive when we are more interested to discover the excellences of our friends and neighbors than their defects, and more anxious to study their ideals than to insist upon our own, a great impetus will be given to moral progress and to the true and cordial brotherhood of man.

MEN who see into their neighbors are very apt to be contemptuous; but men who see through them find something lying behind every human soul, which it is not for them to sit in judgment on or attempt to sneer out of the order of God's manifold universe.

A JOYFUL spirit and a cheerful countenance shed happiness all around; while sadness and gloom create a dismal melancholy wherever they are.

NO man can avoid his own company; so he had best make it as good as possible.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

M. E.—You would have to consult a lawyer as to the law in the States mentioned.

EMMA H.—No person can be eligible to the office of President of the United States until he has attained to the age of thirty-five years.

E. G.—You refer to the couplet:—

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

The author of it was Samuel Butler. It occurs in his humorous poem, "Hudibras."

J. E. J.—We are not inclined to discuss questions of a political nature here, as a column devoted to the interests of the general reader cannot be used as the medium of airing opinions regarding a subject on which so many persons disagree. It is self-evident that such must necessarily be the case, or political parties could not exist.

A. P.—When a lady meets an intimate male acquaintance in the street she should be the first to bow, but at the same time she should not feel offended should he raise his hat before such recognition. Generally speaking, the salutations should be simultaneous, but the intimacy of the parties should excuse any overstepping of the bounds of strict etiquette.

E. H. S.—1. The first congratulations should be offered by the immediate relative who happens to be nearest to the bride. 2. An only sister need not stand upon ceremony. She should express her happiness in her sister's happiness, and wish her joy at the first opportunity after the ceremony. 3. It is the duty of the ushers to introduce guests to the bride and bridegroom.

PETER BROWN.—There have been traditions from time immemorial with regard to the mystical powers supposed to be possessed by the seventh son of a seventh son. But to be the seventh son of a first, or second, or sixth, or eighth son, or any son except a seventh son, is not supposed to give one any peculiar powers. There are many families in which there are seven sons or more; and, of course, in every such family there is a seventh son.

E. G. R.—If you refer to transferring engravings on paper, etc., take a saturated alcoholic solution of potash, pour the solution on the engraving, and immediately remove all the superfluous liquid by means of blotting paper. Lay the engraving, while damp, upon the wood or other material to which it is to be transferred, and place it in a press. The transfer will be obtained immediately. The engraving must be immersed in clear, cold water after removal from the potash bath.

L. C. C.—Mary Campbell was the true name of the person of whom Robert Burns writes so beautifully under the name of "Highland Mary." She was the first love, but died of a malignant fever when making preparations for her marriage with him. He commemorated her in his touching elegy, "To Mary in Heaven." He was afterwards married to Jean Armour (his "Bonny Jean"), an old acquaintance, and the daughter of a Scotch mason.

ST. GEORGE.—Before our era, which we take from the birth of Christ, various nations had various standards of time. The Greeks dated by olympiads, i. e., from the establishment of their national games, a parallel case to the dating from the Derby, except that their Olympic games were religious and esthetic, which this is not. The Romans dated from the building of their city, A. U. C., Anno Urbis Conditæ, 753 years before Christ. Also they referred to the consulship of such and such a famous man; sub consule Planco, when Plancus was consul; i. e., when George the Third was king, or when Moon was major. The Persians dated from the inception of such and such a dynasty, the Jews from the beginning of the world, the birth of Abraham, the Jewish captivity. The short answer to your question would be from some fixed historical point. The Chinese do better than we; they take some occurrence outside the world, i. e., they date from eclipses.

LEITH.—"Kate Barlass" was the name applied to Catherine Douglas, one of the "Maids of Honor" of the wife of James I. of Scotland (nee Joan Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset and goddaughter of John of Gaunt). The king had returned to Scotland from his eighteen years' imprisonment in England, A. D. 1424, and the efforts he made to correct the great abuses that had grown up during the Regency inspired mortal hatred against him, resulting in a conspiracy to take his life. In ignorance of the plot, he had dismissed his troops and even a body-guard, and having put up in the Dominican Convent at Perth, the king was at supper when the regicides entered the corridor. With great presence of mind Catherine Douglas ran to bolt the door, but the wooden bolt had been purposely removed by Robert Stewart; and then, with the heroism of a martyr, she supplied its place with her own arm. The delay before it was broken, gave time for the king to be lowered into a vault by the queen and other ladies, and when the regicides broke in the king was not to be found. But the same infamous traitor who withdrew the bolt returned with the assassins and showed the trap-door, and descending into the vault attacked the king, who fought bravely, and only fell after he had received twenty-six wounds. It is satisfactory to read that one of his murderers was brought to justice and executed within a short period.

TRIFLES.

BY E. C.

Each plaintive note made by the flute
Amid the orchestra, though sweet,
Is scarcely heard, yet if once mute
The music would be incomplete.

Each wave that beats against the rock,
And spends itself in empty spray
Seems wasted, yet in time the shock
Has helped to wear the cliff away.

Each little soul that loveth still,
Through joy, through pain, through grief, through mirth
That trusteth through all show of ill,
Hath brought God's Heaven nearer earth.

The Manor Lady.

BY M. M.

"IT'S a dreadful bother, but I suppose we shall have to go," grumbled Charlotte.

"Bother! Why, I think it will be fun," said Evelyn.

"I want to go," whined Owen.

"Then you just can't," said Charlotte. "It will be much too late for you to sit up."

"Oh, mother, say I may!" cried the spoilt child. His voice rose high above all others at the table.

"I wish, Miss Gray, you'd teach Owen not to be so troublesome," said the eldest Miss Escott with an annoyed glance at a harassed-looking girl who had sat silent during the whole course of lunch.

"Owen," she said reprovingly, but the boy shook off her gentle hand with a pettish gesture.

"I'm not going to do what you tell me," he said roughly.

"Mother, say I may go to the concert to-night."

"Well, well—we'll see."

"Hurrah! That means 'yes.'" The boy flung his table-napkin in the air, pushed back his chair and clattered out of the room.

"Really, Owen gets worse and worse every day," said Charlotte. "We ought to apologise to Mr. Mildmay for his bad behavior."

She turned with an amiable smile to a visitor who was present—a smooth-faced, sleepy-eyed young man with flaxen hair and very white hands.

"The boy is high-spirited; he only needs a little judicious management, which he never gets," said Owen's mother. Her cold, grey eyes rested for a moment on the young governess, who reddened under their expression of tacit disapproval.

Edwin Mildmay's lazy glance took in something of the state of affairs.

"I don't envy any one the management of Master Owen," he said in his slow drawl. "He seems a regular young pickle. But tell me about to-night. What is the excitement?"

"Only a stupid concert at the Parish-Room," said Charlotte, curling her thin lip in disdain.

"As Lady of the Manor, of course I am expected to patronise all these local affairs," explained Mrs. Escott to Mildmay.

"We had to take tickets, so we may as well go," interposed Evelyn. "Besides, you forget, Chatty, the village schoolmaster is to be there, and the Wentworths say he plays the violin divinely."

"And are we to have the pleasure of hearing this village genius to-night?" inquired Mildmay.

"Yes, but he's not a village genius," said Charlotte. "Little Mere does not produce gems of such brilliancy. The usual schoolmaster is away on sick leave, and this man is taking his place for a few months."

"Mr. Benson, the vicar, thinks no end of him," said Evelyn. "He wanted Mr. Armadale to go and board at the Vicarage."

"Such a mistake—taking people of that class out of their proper position," said Mrs. Escott. "Mr. Benson may be a worthy man, but he must be singularly devoid of common sense."

"But Mr. Armadale refused to go—he said he preferred to be independent. So he lives all by himself in that ugly schoolhouse; he has just three rooms at one end of it."

"It's a marvel to me how Evelyn contrives to pick up all the gossip of the neighborhood," observed Charlotte.

"Only when it's about interesting people," returned the younger sister mischievously. "When they take the shape of fascinating strangers, who play superbly on the fiddle——"

"A village schoolmaster!" said the other, in tones of withering scorn.

Gillian Gray, the young governess, sat in her place at table, and made no sign, but her heart was hot within her. The schoolmaster was no stranger to her. She had met him several times at the Vicarage, where she took Owen for a Latin lesson three times a week.

She had heard him play on the violin, and knew that Evelyn's random remarks were more than usually near the truth when she spoke of his playing "superbly." If only it had been her good fortune to go to the concert to-night!

"Miss Gray," Mrs. Escott's cold voice broke in upon her meditations, "as Owen is so anxious to go to-night, of course, you will have to go, too. We cannot be bothered looking after him."

"Very well," said Miss Gray. She trusted that no one observed the sudden glow of pleasure that lighted up her face.

So it came to pass that when the party from the Manor House took the seats reserved for them in the front row, Gillian's modest black grenadine figured among the gay-colored silks of her companions.

The concert went on, one performer followed another with varying popularity, and now a little wave of excitement rippled through the hall.

The ladies in the front row nodded and whispered to each other, the village boys in an upper gallery thrust forward tousled heads, and clattered their heavy boots.

"Is that what you consider fascinating?" said Mildmay, in an audible aside to Evelyn, as a young man stepped forward on the platform. Certainly no greater contrast to his own appearance could well have been found.

The new-comer was slight and spare; his black hair lay in a level sweep across his forehead; his dark eyes were deeply set; his clean-shaven face was thin almost to gauntness. Mildmay stroked his thick auburn moustache, and thought complacently how unluckily handicapped some poor mortals were with respect to personal appearance.

The schoolmaster's eyes ran lightly along the front rank of spectators. If they made a slightly longer pause at one black-gowned figure no one, except perhaps that individual, was acute enough to observe it. The accompanist at the piano struck a few opening chords and then, raising his bow, Armadale drew it lightly across the strings.

After that, there was only one opinion in Little Mere—the schoolmaster was a genius! Mrs. Escott knew little about music and cared less, but when her next neighbor, Lady Wentworth waxed loud in her enthusiasm she thought it well to be in no way behindhand.

At the close of the performance, she summoned the vicar, Mr. Benson, and intimated that she desired to honor Mr. Lewis Armadale by allowing him to be presented to her.

Mr. Benson made his way to the improvised green-room. It was empty except for the schoolmaster, all the other amateur performers having joined their friends among the audience. When the vicar entered, Armadale was standing motionless, gazing moodily at the dying embers in the small grate.

"Come, Armadale, you are the hero of the evening," said Mr. Benson. "A high honor is to be conferred on you."

The young man's sombre face lighted up with a pleasant smile.

"Indeed! What may that be?"

"The Lady of the Manor desires an introduction."

"Oh, bother!" said Armadale ungratefully, "I'm not in the mood for silly chatter; I want to be off to my own little den."

"My young friend, you don't know on which side your bread is buttered," said the vicar, slipping a gently-detaining hand through Armadale's arm. "Mrs. Escott, you know."

"Whom did you say?" Armadale stopped in the act of reaching for his great coat.

"Mrs Escott, who lives at Little Mere Manor House."

There was a momentary pause.

"Oh, well—Mrs. Escott—yes, I'll come and speak to Mrs. Escott," said the schoolmaster in a slow and reflective manner.

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Little Mere school-house lay at one end of the village, where the high road struck across the open heath. It was a modern, ugly building, yellow brick, with a slated roof, but it was tolerably comfortable.

In addition to the class rooms it contained accommodation for the master—a small bedroom, kitchen and sittingroom. One of the women from the village came in each day to do what was necessary, but the master's needs were few, and for the most part he waited on himself.

School was over at four o'clock, and not long after that, on the day following the concert, the vicar's long legs might have been seen stalking up the cinder-path which led to Armadale's modest abode.

He found the schoolmaster in the small kitchen; a white cloth was spread over half the table, and on it were placed a solitary cup and saucer, a large homely cake, butter, a crusty loaf and a pot of strawberry jam. A small black kettle puffed merrily on the hob, and Armadale was in the act of measuring some tea into a brown china teapot.

"Upon my word, you know how to take care of yourself," said Mr. Benson, pausing at the door to survey the cheery scene.

"I ought to; I've knocked about the world a bit. Walk in, vicar, and make yourself at home."

"With all the pleasure possible," said Mr. Benson, subsiding into a wooden armchair.

"Let me recommend the jam; it's a present from the grateful mother of Tommy Jones," said the schoolmaster; "or will you sample the cake? Mrs. Gregg insisted on providing it; she has a great contempt for my housekeeping capacities, I believe."

"Worthy soul! Let us eat to her good health," said the vicar.

"You must know I have come on an important embassy," he continued a few minutes later, when the meal was in merry progress.

"Indeed! From whom?"

"From no less a person than her high mightiness the Lady of the Manor."

"I presume you mean Mrs. Escott, but may I ask why you call her that?"

"Simply because it is the title she herself chooses to adopt," said the vicar, with a slight twinkle in his dark eyes.

"I know she lives at Little Mere Manor House," said Armadale, "but I was under the impression that she had only been there two or three years, and that the place did not belong to her."

"You are quite right, it doesn't. The real owner is in Australia. Old John Escott, the late owner, had two sons, Richard and Rolf. The younger was a fine fellow, but hot-spirited, and the elder brother contrived to make mischief between him and his father. Richard Escott was a sneaking, underhand creature, but his shifty ways did not avail him much, for in the end his father quarreled with him also. When old John Escott died it was found that he had completely passed over Richard Escott and his family, and left everything to the son of his younger son."

"Rather hard on Richard."

"Well—yes—but he pretty well deserved what he got," said Mr. Benson doubtfully. "He was a downright worthless fellow, and it would have been a bad day for Little Mere if he had ever inherited the property. When he heard the terms of his father's will, he deserted his wife and children, leaving them in great poverty, and went off to Mexico."

"Then how does it happen that they come to be living here?"

"That's the fault of that foolish young Rolf Escott, out in Australia."

Armadale looked puzzled.

"Well, you see, this was the way of it. When this Rolf Escott heard that his uncle had entirely disinherited, he seems to have thought it a most unfair proceeding, although he knew that Richard had behaved badly. His own father had been dead for several years, and he himself was getting on well in Australia.

"So the quixotic young fellow wrote home, all in a hurry, and said he would fix a settled income on Richard Escott's children, and that the Manor House would be placed at their disposal for three years, until he came back to England."

"You seem to think he did foolishly?" said Armadale, as the vicar stirred his fourth cup of tea with a wrinkled frown on his forehead.

"I do, frankly. I think it was a mistake. Mrs. Richard Escott—well, there, I must leave you to find out for yourself what kind of a person that lady is."

"But how can I? What possible connection is there between the Lady of the Manor and the village schoolmaster?" Armadale spoke with more than a touch of bitterness.

"Ah, that is what I am coming to. I am commissioned by Mrs. Escott to ask a favor of you. They are going to have some tableaux vivants at the Manor House, and she is most desirous that you will play some accompanying music. Of course I don't imagine for a moment that you will consent, but I could not refuse to bring the message."

To the vicar's surprise the emphatic refusal which he expected from the proud and reserved schoolmaster never came. Instead of dismissing the idea with scorn Armadale seemed actually to be deliberating over it.

"That way will do as well as another," he said half absently. "Very well, Mr. Benson," he added aloud, "I daresay I shall be able to do what Mrs. Escott wants. I will call to-morrow at the Manor House and arrange particulars."

The vicar took his departure, lost in amazement.

"Well, how deceived one can be in people!" he mused. "If there is a man who detests patronage I should have said it was Armadale; yet he accepted the invitation from that vulgar woman with scarcely a vestige of hesitation. Well, well, I suppose there is a remnant of self-interest left in the best of us; and no doubt Armadale thinks it will in some way be to his advantage to get in with the Manor House folk."

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"Well, if this isn't too provoking!" exclaimed Charlotte Escott.

"What is the matter?"

"Dora Leslie writes to say that she has a bad sore throat, and will be unable to appear to-morrow. Too tiresome of her, at the last moment, when it is impossible to supply her place."

The scene was the long drawing-room at the Manor House, and the last dress rehearsal for the tableaux vivants was in full progress.

Various performers in picturesque costumes were grouped about the platform, which had been erected at one end. Charlotte Escott, her mother and Edwin Mildmay were criticising the arrangements from the front. In a recess near, the musicians were stationed; a man had been hired to play the piano, and Armadale, violin in hand, was waiting for the signal to begin.

"What will you do?" inquired Mrs. Escott.

"I don't know; we are short of performers as it is," said Charlotte with a frown of vexation. "No one can be spared to take the part of Elaine in this tableau."

"You'll have to leave it out."

"Mother! One of our prettiest pictures! And we've got the barge ready and everything."

The picture was taken from Tennyson's poem "Lancelot and Elaine," and was supposed to represent the scene where the dead Elaine floats in her barge down to Camelot and reaches the palace of the King.

"Well, I don't know what you can do," said Mrs Escott in a tone absolutely devoid of suggestion.

Charlotte stood silent, twisting the obnoxious little missive that had brought the bad news between her fingers.

Mildmay, who had been attending to some alterations in the draping of the curtains, here put in a word:

"What about Miss Gray?" he said quietly. "Couldn't you inveigle her into the delinquent's part?"

"Miss Gray?" echoed the elder lady frostily.

"Quite impossible," said Charlotte.

"Most unsuitable—a young person in that position." Mrs. Escott took refuge in her favorite formula.

"Oh, well, as you like; only, as Miss Escott remarked, it seems a pity to omit this tableau, for it will be one of the prettiest."

"Yes, with a proper Elaine." Charlotte's tone was significant.

"Pardon me; if you come to personal appearance, in my opinion Miss Gray looks infinitely more suited to the part than Miss Leslie."

Mr. Mildmay was an obstinate young man, with no tact, and not a great amount of wit. He had one abounding merit, however, in the eyes of Mrs. Escott: he was the only son of old Gregory Mildmay, one of the richest mill-owners in Birmingham.

She had firmly decided that his visit to Little Mere must not come to an end before he made an offer for the hand of her younger daughter, Evelyn. She had been working to attain this object all along, but of late some strange and horrible misgivings had crossed her mind.

When Mildmay made his last recorded speech, mother and daughter could not refrain from exchanging glances. It was impossible for Armadale, from his post near, not to see and hear everything that passed.

"When you say 'more suited,' I don't mean," said Charlotte, who was as stiff-

willed as Mildmay himself. "Miss Gray is quite plain—Dora Leslie is a very handsome young woman."

"Miss Leslie may be handsome, but not in the Elaine style. It needs a more refined, ethereal kind of beauty. Miss Leslie is altogether too substantial. Who could ever imagine her pining away and dying for love? Miss Gray, now—she may not be so striking-looking, but to my mind her face is far more beautiful though she looks rather pale and sad."

This from the dense and sleepy-headed Edwin Mildmay!

Lewis Armadale broke into a delicious merry little gurgle of music, a set of Spanish dance measures certainly not set down in the programme. They sounded almost like a laugh of triumphant derision.

"Under any circumstances, it is quite out of the question," said Mrs. Escott sharply.

The young man bowed and moved away.

"There, mother, what did I tell you?" exclaimed Charlotte, before he was well out of hearing. "Evelyn hasn't a chance. He won't look at her. He's in love—head over ears in love—with Gillian Gray."

"Oh, the wicked, artful girl! How I have been deceived in her!" was Mrs. Escott's somewhat inconsequent rejoinder. "Something must be done at once. They mustn't be allowed to meet, or who knows what may happen?"

"What will probably happen," said Charlotte with a grim smile, "is that he will propose to Miss Gray, and of course she will accept him on the spot."

"Too bad—too bad! After all the trouble I have taken! I did hope to have one of you girls well married before that precious cousin of yours comes back from Australia and turns us out of house and home."

"You haven't heard any news, have you?" said Charlotte, looking startled.

"No, no, but the time is getting on. You know he said 'three years,' and that will soon be up now."

"Oh, well, I expect he is rather a softy," said Charlotte hopefully. "When he does turn up we must try some way of getting round him."

"Yes, indeed. But now, about Miss Gray? She mustn't be allowed to stay in the house another day. You have quite alarmed me with your suggestions."

"Why, mother, what are you going to do?"

"Never mind. Leave it to me, I'll manage it," said Mrs. Escott with an air of mystery, and a moment later she left the drawingroom.

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It was a gusty afternoon in early March. The wind whistled down the leafless avenue at the Manor House and rattled the bare branches overhead. It made spiteful little dabs at Gillian Gray's hat, and flapped her skirts round her legs in an embarrassing fashion as, cumbered with a heavy bag, she struggled in the direction of the lodge gates.

"It's too bad—too bad!" she thought passionately. "Turned out of the house—that's what it practically means—for that flimsy excuse about unexpected guests and my room being wanted would impose on no one. And now I shall have to go away from Little Mere, and I'll never see him again."

Tears rose to her eyes and rolled uncomfortably down her cheeks; they felt moist and chilly, but she scarcely made an effort to restrain them. What did it matter how ugly she looked? There was no one there to see her, no one to care how wretched she felt.

A firm step scrunched on the gravel beside her, a deep-pitched voice sounded cheerily in her ears.

"Going my way, Miss Gray? What an afternoon! Let me carry that for you."

The bag was taken out of her hand with unmistakable decision. She mumbled some greeting and turned aside her face, trusting that the young schoolmaster had noticed the traces of tears.

It was an idle hope, for those penetrating eyes had a knack of allowing few things to escape them, but Armadale stepped along beside his companion with a few indifferent words.

"Did the performance go off well?" said Gillian, striving to speak lightly.

"Excellently, I believe. I was abundantly satisfied," said Armadale with an enigmatic smile unseen by Gillian. "Are you going far?" he inquired, as they left the gates of the Manor House behind them and struck into the main road.

"I am going to Martin's Farm."

"Martin's Farm? You have a long, cold walk before you. It will be late when you get back."

"I am not going back to the Manor to-night," said Gillian in a low voice.

Then the sudden remembrance of some words he had overheard that afternoon flashed into Armadale's mind. His lips tightened, and there came a light into the dark eyes that boded no good to the Lady of the Manor.

As they reached the school house Gillian stopped, and held out her hand.

"I'm not going in yet, I'm going on to Martin's farm," said the schoolmaster, "Mrs. Martin is a particular friend of mine."

Gillian tried to mumble some remonstrance, but her companion paid small attention. The walk over the windy heath was a somewhat silent one. They reached the farmhouse at last and Mrs. Martin, the apple cheeked mistress, bustled out to meet them with noisy effusion. Such a short notice—but she had done her best—hoped the young lady would find everything comfortable.

And wouldn't Miss Gray like tea at once? It was all ready and waiting. And Mr. Armadale too—dear, dear, it was quite a long time since she had set eyes on him—and would they be pleased to walk in? The best parlor was quite ready, and she had lighted a fire there the minute Mrs. Escott's messenger came.

She threw open the door of a small sitting-room; after the chill buffeting of the wind across the heath, it seemed snug and cheery.

"If you will kindly bring another cup and saucer, Mrs. Martin," said Armadale, surveying the surroundings with unabashed hardihood, "Miss Gray will give me a cup of tea before I go."

"Ay, sir, and quite right too," said the old woman, as she bustled away merrily. Gillian gave him a glance which was meant to convey astonishment at his audacity, but somehow the attempt was a failure. Her presence of dignity melted into a smile.

"Don't you think I deserve it?" he said, coming a step or two nearer.

"Oh, yes—yes—you deserve it—anything you like," said Gillian hastily, as she retreated to the other side of the fireplace and began to busy herself over the kettle.

Armadale took her by her two hands, and gently deposited her in a big arm chair.

"This tea is my affair," he said quietly; "you sit there and rest."

"Men are so conceited," said Gillian, "they always think they know better than any one else how to do everything."

She was fresher now, at the end of her long walk, than she had been at the beginning. The tired feeling at her heart had gone. A pretty little pink flush came into her pale cheeks, and there was quite a merry sparkle in her usually quiet eyes.

"That young fool Mildmay has eyes in his head, bother him!" thought the schoolmaster. "I wonder——" his cogitations took an unpleasant turn.

"What about the tableaux vivants to-morrow night, Miss Gray?" he asked presently. "Will you be there to see them?"

"I think—I shall not—go back to the Manor House at all," she said with an effort.

The remembrance of some words spoken by Mrs. Escott rose up in her mind, and her face was scorched with sudden flame.

"You will be glad to leave Little Mere?" said the schoolmaster. "'Tis a stupid little hundrum place. You'll be going, perhaps, to a wider life." His thoughts had flown to the rich mill owner's son. Doubtless Mrs. Escott had good cause for her suspicions with regard to Mr. Mildmay's preference for the governess rather than for one of her own daughters.

"Glad to leave Little Mere?" echoed Gillian. She gave a dreary little laugh. In proportion as her spirits declined those of the hard-hearted schoolmaster rose.

"Why, you don't mean to say you will be sorry?" he said cheerfully.

No answer.

"What can you find to regret in leaving such a quiet country place as this?" he persisted.

Gillian went down on her knees on the hearthrug.

"How hot the fire is!" she said, and she poked it vigorously in order to make it less hot.

The poker was gently removed from her hands, and placed in the fender.

"If any one asked you, would you be willing to go on living at Little Mere?"

"Perhaps."

"I can't hear what you—speak louder—turn your face this way."

"Don't order me in that tone—I'm not one of your school-children," muttered Gillian, under her breath.

"I wish you were—I would soon make you obey me," said Armadale with a vast attempt at fierceness. "Now, listen—tell me—if I asked you to stay at Little Mere would you stay?"

A perverse "No!" hovered on Gillian's lips. She looked up, tried to say it and failed ignominiously.

"What! Marry a village schoolmaster and live in a three-roomed cottage?" said Armadale.

"In a one-roomed cottage if necessary—with you," came in smothered but unabashed accents, for Gillian's face was safely hidden from public view.

* * * * * *

"I can't say I like that schoolmaster," remarked Mrs. Escott. "He certainly has the most ungracious manners of any one I ever met. He seems to have no sort of proper idea of the deference due from one in his position to one in mine."

It was the morning after the tableau vivants. The performance had been a great success.

"He certainly plays well," said Charlotte, indifferently.

"That may be; but I don't intend to encourage him. I shall pay him this morning for his performance last night, and after that I shall not ask him again to the Manor House. It's taking him quite out of his proper class."

"I'll tell you who likes him," piped Owen: "Miss Gray."

"Go on with your breakfast, Owen, and don't talk nonsense," said Charlotte severely, while Evelyn giggled and glanced at her mother.

"But she does," persisted the boy. "He was so kind that day that I fell in the pine-wood and cut my knee. He carried me all the way home. That was the first time we ever saw him."

"By-the-bye, I hope Miss Gray isn't ill," said Mildmay, glancing round the breakfast-table, "I haven't seen her since yesterday morning."

"Miss Gray has gone on a few days' holiday," said Mrs. Escott stiffly.

"And perhaps she isn't coming back any more," officiously volunteered Owen. "Oh, Evelyn, what a kick you gave me!"

There was a somewhat awkward pause. Mrs. Escott took up a letter which had been lying unopened by her plate.

"Will you excuse me?" she said, rising. "I told Mr. Armadale to call this morning at half-past ten, and it is almost that now. Charlotte, I want to speak to you in the library."

"One moment," said Edwin Mildmay, also rising. There was an unusually determined look on his smooth, florid countenance. "I have paid you an unconscionably long visit, Mrs. Escott, but I mustn't trespass on your kindness any longer. To-morrow I must go back to Birmingham."

"That will be a great loss to us," said Mrs. Escott, striving to smile and speak amiably, but her heart was full of rage and mortification.

"Well, mother, didn't I speak truly?" said Charlotte, as she followed her into the library. "Did you not notice how he looked when Owen spoke of Miss Gray?"

"I could have thrashed them both," cried Mrs. Escott angrily. "But the fault is all hers—a wicked, designing girl. Not another step inside this house does she come! Her box shall be packed and sent to Martin's farm, and I'll send her a quarter's salary and have done with her."

"The mischief's done; Mr. Mildmay will never look at Evelyn," said Charlotte moodily.

She stood gazing out of the bay window, which commanded a view of the approach to the house. Suddenly she was startled by an exclamation from her mother.

"Great goodness! He's back! He's coming here to-day."

"What? Who?" cried Charlotte. "Rolf Escott! In England?"

"In Little Mere, and coming here to-day," repeated Mrs. Escott in a dull voice.

"Here's that bothering schoolmaster coming up the path," said Charlotte—"and in the name of all that's cool—Miss Gray!"

Mrs. Escott's wrath blazed forth, and her native vulgarity lost even its semblance of good breeding.

"Impertinence! I'll make short work of her," she exclaimed. "Wilson," she said to the servant who appeared at the library door, "show Mr. Armadale in here, and desire Miss Gray to take a seat in the hall until I can speak to her."

A moment later the schoolmaster the library.

"Oh, Mr. Armadale, you've come for your cheque, I presume," said Mrs. Escott with scant civility. "Well, here it is. Now there is one other thing I wish to say."

Mr. Armadale bowed and waited.

"I observed as you came up the avenue that you had with you a young person who was formerly in my employ."

"Well?" The schoolmaster's dark eyes were fixed intently on the face of the enranged lady.

"Merely this—in case of any possible mistake, I wish you clearly to understand that henceforth I have nothing whatever to do with Miss Gray. I have cause for serious displeasure with her, and as I do not consider she is a fit person to have the charge of my child, I have dismissed her from my service."

Armadale made one step towards Mrs. Escott; his face was white, his eyes blazing, his tone was cutting in its keen incisiveness.

"What you say is absolutely false. That is not the reason why you have dismissed Miss Gray. You know as well as I do that her character is blameless."

"Insolence! Leave the house this moment," cried Mrs. Escott, starting to her feet. "You entirely forget your position. You—you—the village schoolmaster to dare to speak to the Lady of the Manor in that fashion! Why, I could have you turned out of your post to-morrow."

Armadale could scarcely forbear smiling at the idle threat.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Richard Escott," he said, quietly; "I am here in another capacity than that of the village schoolmaster."

"Indeed?" said the lady with a sneer. "As a strolling player?"

"No—as Rolf Lewis Armadale Escott—owner of the Manor House."

All the color faded from Mrs. Escott's florid face, leaving a curious streaky pallor. She stared in dumb amazement.

"It was far from my intention to have told you the news in this fashion," said the young man, gently, "but you left me no choice. I settled at Little Mere on purpose to see how far it would be advisable to set aside the terms of my grandfather's will. My experience has been disappointing. I shall be still happy to place at your disposal the income you have received since John Escott's death, but I must request that the Manor House be handed over to me at the end of the next three months, as I intend to live here with my wife."

"Your wife? Are you married, then?"

"Not yet, but I hope to be in the course of the next few weeks."

"And are we to have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the young lady?" said Mrs. Escott, with a last feeble attempt to keep in with the reigning powers.

"Certainly, if she has no objection," responded Armadale cheerfully. "The future Lady of the Manor is, I believe, at the present moment sitting on a chair in your hall. Her name is Gillian Gray."

A Better Land.

BY QUALLEN.

"I AM going to London to-morrow," said Ellen Cunningham to Raymond Jarmy, as he entered, just at night-fall, the parlor where he was accustomed daily to spend the only half hour which he could spare from his studies; for he was reading up for his degree during vacation.

"Indeed! How long do you remain there?" said Jarmy.

"I cannot tell," replied Ellen. "My friends wish me to spend the winter there."

"Has not the plan been very suddenly formed?" asked Raymond.

The tone in which these words were uttered fell very unpleasantly on Ellen's ears. She could not determine whether it was indicative of the sadness which so often suppressed his spirits, or of disapprobation of her intended journey. She, therefore, did not make an immediate reply.

"May I inquire," continued Raymond, "what has led to so sudden a resolution?"

This question was asked in a milder tone, as though he wished to remove the chill which the former one had thrown over his auditor.

"I have just received a letter from my cousin," she replied, "giving me a pressing invitation to spend the winter with her; and——"

"And you anticipate a great deal of pleasure in so doing?"

There was to Ellen's quick ear something of reproach and bitterness in the tone of this remark. Appearing not to

notice it, or rather hoping that her ear had deceived her, she replied, "I certainly anticipate some pleasure and improvement, or I should not think of going."

"How can your friends at home do without you?"

This was spoken in a soft and serious manner.

"Oh, they can spare me. Very possibly they may be glad to have me out of the way for a time."

This was said in a lively manner, which was assumed to assist her in struggling against the oppressive feeling which was stealing over her.

"Do you mean what you say?" said Jarmy, with mingled sadness and severity.

"Why not?" said Ellen, still struggling against the feeling just noticed; "there are few so interesting as to render their presence always desirable." It was with difficulty she retained her lively manner, and her heart sank deeper within her when she saw the construction that might be put on the words last mentioned.

"It is well," said Jarmy coldly, "when those who do not belong to that interesting class, have the independence to absent themselves when their presence is not desired. Good night, Miss Cunningham; may you have a pleasant visit to London, and may you find there new friends more worthy of your regard."

"Good night, Mr. Jarmy," said Ellen in a firm tone, her indignation being aroused by his injustice. In an instant however, this feeling had passed away. She arose and went to the door, hoping that in the quick transitions of feeling of which he was susceptible, a tenderer one would come over him which would lead him to return, and spend his accustomed half hour in a manner befitting their expected separation. But he passed on without once looking behind him, until his form was no longer visible in the gathering darkness. Ellen then retired to her room, and wept long and bitterly.

Jarmy had become acquainted with Miss Cunningham through the introduction of a fellow student whom he had visited during the long vacation, she being a frequent guest at this hospitable mansion. From the moment he saw her, his attentions were as unremitting as intense devotion to his studies would allow. He selected her native village as the scene of his vacation studies, solely on her account. Ambition burned in his bosom with fierce intensity, and yet the aspirations of his heart exerted over him a still stronger influence.

Amid all his dreams of the future, there was none so deeply cherished as that of the possession of a heart on which he could bestow all the fulness of his affection with the perfect assurance of an equally intense affection in return. His frame was tall, muscular and commanding; his manners generally reserved, and in the estimation of some, cold and haughty. The language of compliment and flattery he could not endure. In those ordinary attentions to the fair sex; which are so sedulously employed by men destitute alike of intellect and feeling, he was wanting, while for woman he cherished the most profound veneration.

His imagination acted in accordance with the dictates of his reason. It was to no creation of his fancy, that he gave his heart in keeping when his eye fell on the fair form and modest countenance of Ellen Cunningham. It was his intuitive perception of her guileless purity, her calm yet intense application, her ready sympathy with all that is beautiful in human feeling, her frank and firm integrity, which led captive at the same time his imagination and his heart.

The respect and preference of such a man, though expressed by few of those lesser attentions which are supposed to be so powerful in winning woman, could not fail to make its due impression upon a mind as quick to perceive the lofty and pure in character, so ready to respond to the key-note of affection. She placed a just estimate upon the value of Jarmy's love.

Could he have looked into the still depths of her heart he would have seen his image so perfectly mirrored there that even the demands of his exacting tenderness would have been fully met. Though possessed of unusual powers of discrimination in regard to character and feeling, yet in consequence of the reserve which her deep respect for him occasioned, and of feelings too deep to manifest themselves in ordinary modes, he was left in partial ignorance of what he most desired to know.

The proposed visit to London which had caused his abrupt departure was solely owing to her regard for him. But for the relation which was tacitly understood to exist between them, the invitation would have been declined, as it had frequently been before. True there were the earnest wishes of her parents that she would go; for though she was to them as the sunlight of heaven, or the voice of spring, yet they desired to enjoy, even at the expense of a lonely fireside to themselves, the supposed advantages of a residence in the great metropolis. But so long as her heart was in her own keeping, these advantages were to her of little moment.

Now she deemed it desirable that she should be somewhat acquainted with the conventional properties of life, that she might not be wholly unprepared for that station which she was sure the wife of such a man as Jarmy would be called to occupy. For his sake, therefore, she was willing to make the sacrifice of home, and of his society. She would gladly have taken counsel of him, but circumstances connected with her father's business rendered it necessary to decide without delay. The decision was made, and they were to set out for the modern Babylon before daylight on the ensuing morning.

Ellen passed a sleepless night. All feelings of indignation, and all sense of injustice and injury passed speedily from her mind. With true feminine heartlogic, she acquitted him of blame. She had done wrong by her precipitate decision to accept the invitation. She had done wrong by her spirited reply to his cold remarks, and by her ill-advised assumption of gaiety of heart. Fain would she have reversed her decision; but measures for her departure were already taken. What reason could she assign for a change of purpose? None but the true one, consistently with her principles; could she utter that to any human ears but his?"

She almost wished for illness. She would have prayed for it, had she deemed it right. "My own folly has mingled the cup," thought she, "and I must drink it."

Before the dawn of day, Mr. Cunningham and his daughter were on their way, and arrived safely at their journey's end. Neither the cordial welcome of her beautiful and accomplished cousin, nor the new and exciting objects by which she was surrounded, could remove from her heart the load which a few cold words had thrown upon it. Is it a blessing or not to have susceptibilities thus acute?

When Jarmy parted from Ellen he retired to his lodgings with a feeling of irritated pride, which he persuaded himself was wounded affection. Had he not made great sacrifices for her sake? The college halls, the well-stored libraries, the stimulating presence of men who had been successful in the pursuit of fame—had he not turned aside from all these advantages that he might be near her, though it were but for a few brief moments daily? Did she not know that he had made these sacrifices, and how great they were? And yet she was about to leave her home, to seek amusement in heartless scenes, or to listen to compliments which he would scorn to utter. He sat and meditated for a little time, while bitter thoughts coursed rapidly through his brain; then, turning to his studies, by the force of his iron will his whole mind was concentrated on the work before him, and continued there till long after midnight.

The sun was high in the heavens when he woke from a feverish and unrefreshing sleep. "Is she gone?" was the first thought of which he was conscious. He walked towards the house. The closed window-shutter of her room opened. him that she was gone. He returned home, and for the first time found it impossible to fix his attention on his studies. He passed an idle, self-accusing, unhappy day. In the evening, at the usual hour, he called at Mr. Cunningham's. He was cordially welcomed by Ellen's mother, who had passed an exceedingly lonely day, in consequence of her daughter's absence. Jarmy's impression that Ellen intended to pass the winter in town was confirmed by Mrs. Cunningham. To determine this fact was all that Jarmy had in view.

He did confirm it by his investigations and experience, and after a day spent in hurried preparation to leave his native shores at night he sat down and wrote the following letter to Ellen:

"DEAR MISS CUNNINGHAM:—I am about to make myself an exile and wanderer on your account. I took up my abode in your village for your sake, foregoing many advantages with respect to my profession. You have left the village, forgetful it would seem of the sacrifices I made in order to be near you. As you are to spend the winter in London, I return to Dunsdale no more. I go in the packet for Havre to-morrow. I have been disappointed in—— but it matters not now. May you be happy. You may be perhaps——you could not be, were you the being I once supposed you to be. But I write not to upbraid, but to bid you farewell. I can say that I am glad that you cannot know the pain with which I utter that word to you. Your friend,

"RAYMOND JARMY."

When the above was placed in Ellen's hand, the steamer was on her way. For a moment her reason shook beneath the blow, but soon an ominous calmness took possession of her mind. She sat down and wrote to her father that circumstances had occurred which rendered it imperative that she should return home immediately. She implored him in the strongest terms to come for her without delay. The anxious parent obeyed the summons. The pale cheek, the sunken eye, and the trembling limb, told how she needed a mother's nursing; but nought was told him of the cause of that blight which had so suddenly fallen upon her late healthful frame. "My daughter," said he, "how long have you been ill?"

"I wrote from the very first," was her equivocal reply. For the first time in her life she felt she had deceived her father; and keen as were her sufferings, this thought gave her an additional pang. "It will be soon over," thought she; "and I will not add to their sorrows by telling them of the cause of the disease of which I am dying."

When she reached home she wept for the first time since she received the letter, as her mother's tears flowed fast over the change that a few days had wrought in her darling child. Friends gathered around her; the ablest medical skill was put in requisition; but in vain. She continued to fade and wither almost as rapidly as the flower which has been nipped by an untimely frost. She uttered no complaint. She "knew in whom she had believed." Ere the time of her release came, her friends were consoled by the assurance that she "desired to depart and be at rest." One evening, just at the hour which she was accustomed to spend with him who was now far away, her spirit left the body. A smile was upon her wan lips as her broken-hearted parents received her last breath, and felt the last throb of that heart that had beat so warmly.

Many were the tears that were shed, and many the expressions of sympathy for the absent one. They knew not that his was the hand that gave the blow.

Among her papers was the following letter to Jarmy, with directions that it should be forwarded to him after her decease:

"MY BELOVED FRIEND—I am now in a condition to speak without reserve. Had it been in my power to have done so at all times, we should have been spared much suffering. I say we, for your letter proves that all unworthy as I was I did not err when I entertained the fond belief that I had the first place in your warm and generous heart. You have suffered, and I have wept for you. I cannot die without telling you you were in error. If there ever was a heart that could estimate to the full value of a love like yours, that heart was mine, however unworthy it may have been of yours in other respects. I was unwilling to be absent from Furnside for a single day when you were there. I intended to return in a week or two at the most. Your note caused my immediate return, and—I will not conceal it—I brought with me the sentence of death. I have suffered silently. What has passed between us is known to God alone.

"I needed this disappointment, this suffering—earth had otherwise been too pleasant for me. I had perhaps been an idolater. Under the solemn circumstances in which I write I feel it proper to speak without reserve. May your sufferings be sanctified to you! May we meet where misapprehension cannot find a place, where life is love—love unalloyed by the imperfections of earth! I leave you my Bible; I have written your name in it near my own. Study it that you may be 'wise unto salvation.'

"Yours in my heart's best affections,

"M. C."

The letter was forwarded to Raymond Jarmy, who was residing at the university of Gottingen, rivalling even the iron diligence of a German student. On its receipt he hastened to his native land. He hastened to the grave of Ellen, where, night after night, he spent hours of unavailing sorrow. He begged her parents to regard him as their son. He took up his abode in their house. He occupied the chamber that had been hers. He sat in her seat, and kneeled in her place at the family altar. He studied her Bible daily, and pondered on its passages, especially those that had been marked by her hand. A change gradually came over his grief-stricken spirit. With a chastened diligence he renewed his attention to his studies, and entered at length on the labors of his profession from a sense of duty. Truth and righteousness found in him an able advocate. Honors and offices, at which his heart would once have leaped with joy, were now accepted only at the call of duty. The glory of the world had lost its charm, and ere thirty winters had passed over him, time had written many a wrinkle in his once haughty brow, and sprinkled with frost his once raven hair, and ere he had journeyed another ten years, he was as a way-worn pilgrim, sighing for his place of rest. The hour of his release was not long in coming. He had performed as an hireling his day, and rejoiced to receive his discharge. Though the visions of glory that had flitted before his youthful eyes had faded, and the dreams of his boyhood were never realized, yet he felt that he had not lived in vain. He adored that mercy which had made the wreck of all his hopes, by his own perversity, the occasion of his preparation to meet his beloved in "the better land."

At Home and Abroad.

The system of numbering houses was unknown even in London and Paris till a century ago. In 1795 the practice of numbering private houses was begun in Berlin. Vienna claims the honor of having inaugurated in 1805 the method of placing the odd numbers on one side of the street and the even ones on the other.

The Russian sceptre, made for the coronation of the Emperor Paul in 1797, is the most wonderful thing of its kind which has ever been known, for the famous Orloff diamond surmounts it. The orb also dates from the reign of the Czar Paul, and is of solid gold set with three rows of brilliants and a huge almond-shaped diamond. The diamond cross is supported by an exquisite sapphire worth a fortune.

Some idea of the terrors of a bursting volcano may be gained from the account of the last eruption in Hawaii. The crater of the volcano was filled from 600 to 1000 feet deep with molten lava, which finally forced its way through a subterranean passage. It was 40 miles from there to the sea, yet this avalanche of molten rocks reached the waters in less than two days, destroying everything in its track. It continued flowing for three weeks, heating the sea water 20 miles out from shore.

A citizen of Jackson, Breathitt county, Ky., estimates the number of people killed in the main street of the town during the last 12 years as more than 100. "An' not a nary case of bush whackin'," says the narrator, strong in his local pride, "they was all shot off on the square." The front of the court house is chipped and marred by bullets until it looks as if made of rough faced brick instead of the symmetrical parallelopipeds used by the masons. Only one man has been legally hanged in Breathitt. He was "Bad Tom Smith," who was borrowed from an adjoining county for execution by way of an object lesson.

President Homer T. Fuller, of Drury College, Springfield, Ohio, has received a letter from a Massachusetts man, who offers a large sum of money for the verification of a war episode. The story is that in the early days of the war a detachment of Confederate troops in Missouri shot about four hundred Union prisoners. Twelve of these prisoners were lined up and shot without provocation by the Confederate officers. Upon hearing of this act the commander of the Federal regiment drafted twelve Confederate prisoners to be shot in retaliation. As the line was being formed, a young man named William Lear stepped forward, and asked to take the place of one of the condemned men, who was his friend. The request was granted, and Lear was shot in place of his friend.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers [illegible] pleased to learn that [illegible] at least one dreaded disease [illegible] science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

EXAMINATION DAY.

BY R. W. D.

"GOOD-BYE, Letty darling."

"Good-bye, father. Good-bye, mother. I shall—count—every—day——"

But the big tears rolled down, and Letty could not say any more, for instead of words came sobs.

And then the big ship steamed away, carrying father and mother to America, and the noisy train bore Letty back into the country—not to the dear old home, but to the old dark house on the hill far away, where Aunt Hilda lived all alone, and where Letty was to live for many weeks until the ship brought father and mother back again over the sea.

The first day at the house on the hill was very sad and lonely to Letty, for Aunt Hilda had such a very grave, stern face, that Letty was afraid to speak to her, or even to cry before her; so she crept away to her little bedroom and felt that she could never be happy again until she was back in her own home.

But the next day came a big box with Letty's family of six dolls packed in it; and then the house seemed less dark and silent, for when one has a family of six to look after, one has no time to think about sad things; and, besides, there were really quite a lot of things to be seen in the big garden: there was a bird's nest under the barn thatch; and a baby laburnum tree in the corner of the arbor; and scores of tiny fish in the stream at the bottom of the orchard; and of course the six children had to be taken to see it all.

And then Floribel, the beauty, needed so much care lest her lovely complexion should be sunburnt; and Nina and Tina seemed very pale after the very hot bath they had had just before leaving home, so they needed nursing; and Christabel was very cross, and had to be petted.

Poor thing! she had lost both arms, so there was some excuse for her temper, then baby Maggie had to be taught to walk; and, indeed, Dinah—little black Dinah—was the only one who gave no trouble at all.

So, somehow, the days flew by so quickly that Letty forgot to count them, after all; and the old house seemed quite cheerful. And sometimes Aunt Hilda would come and watch their games; and Letty would forget to be frightened at her stern face, and would chatter away just as if it had been her own mother standing there.

No one could have been more surprised than Letty, when one day at breakfast Aunt Hilda looked up from a letter and said, "Letty, your father and mother will be here in a week."

Letty dropped her fork in her astonishment.

"Father and mother!" she cried, as she danced about the room.

"You are glad, aren't you?" asked Aunt Hilda.

"Yes, yes," declared Letty.

"And will you not be a little bit sorry to leave me and the old house?" asked Aunt Hilda, with a sigh.

Letty stood still for a moment, then, springing on to her aunt's lap, she cried: "I shall be a big bit sorry." And she threw her arms around Aunt Hilda's neck and kissed her.

Aunt Hilda's stern face grew very kindly as she held Letty to her, and no one could have felt afraid of her then.

"May I take one of the children with me when I go to meet father and mother?" pleaded Letty, when she had listened to the letter from across the sea.

"Yes, just one," agreed Aunt Hilda.

"I wonder which it had better be," thought Letty; "those who are left at home will feel dreadfully sad."

And all that day, although Letty's heart was beating fast with joy, she could not help feeling worried whenever she looked at her little family and remembered that, although for one there was a great treat in store, for five there must be disappointment.

Floribel looked so beautiful in her party frock, with her brown hair so glossy in its puffs and curls, that it seemed cruel to think of leaving her at home—she was so fond of gaiety. Yet Nina—and Tina, too—was looking very fragile, and a little trip to town might do either much good. Then poor Christabel looked so cross and sad, that it seemed only right to give her the treat to make up for the loss of her arms.

And yet happy little Maggie would enjoy it so much, and would smile upon the bustle of the big town, with her lovely blue eyes. And Dinah—well, Dinah was always so quiet and good that no one ever thought of troubling about her.

Next morning Aunt Hilda and Letty, who were now fast friends, went up to the big room at the top of the house, where lots of treasures were kept; and Letty watched her aunt laying lavender and spices between the folds of the linen and curtains, and the dolls watched the performance, too, with their wide, shining eyes, and seemed to find it very amusing.

At last they came to a pack of Aunt Hilda's furs and gowns, and at the bottom lay some lovely things which she used to wear when she was young.

Letty laughed at the funny shapes, but some of them she thought were very beautiful. At the bottom of the box lay a square of silk, the color of rich cream, and, lifting it, and smiling at Letty, Aunt Hilda said:

"Would not this make a doll's frock?"

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Letty; "it would make a ball dress for Floribel—or a pelisse for Maggie—or——"

"Take it, child," said Aunt Hilda; "and if I were you I should make a frock of it for the one who goes to meet mamma."

"So I will!" cried Letty. "Thank you, very, very much, Aunt Hilda. They've never had such a lovely frock before." And for some time Letty could do nothing but admire the lovely present.

"Aunt Hilda," she said at last, "which do you think deserves it most?"

"If I were you," laughed Aunt Hilda, "I should have an examination day, and make one of them earn the prize."

"That's just the very thing!" exclaimed Letty. "I'll have an examination this very afternoon, and then they can't complain."

So after dinner Letty seated her six children round about her in a very solemn manner, and, sitting in an arm chair before them, began the serious business of the examination.

That was a very trying examination. Floribel could do nothing but smile; and her beautiful neck was so stiff that she could not even nod her head, though Letty was very patient, for she thought Floribel would look best of all in the new frock. Nina and Tina would not attend; they would stare out of window as if they cared nothing for journeys or finery.

Christabel looked so cross that Letty grew quite out of temper, for surely she might have taken some interest in an examination, even if she had lost her arms. Even Maggie was silent, for her voice had been broken the day before by accident, and she only stared when Letty took her on her lap and tried to coax her.

"Oh dear!" cried the little mother at last; "I believe they don't care a bit. They are all stupid this afternoon, and deserve a whipping. Fine children for an examination day!" And she began to bundle them up together to put them straight to bed for punishment.

Then suddenly her eyes fell upon Dinah.

"Why, Dinah! I had forgotten you. I never thought of Dinah in a silk frock!"

And Letty laughed heartily, for Dinah always wore cotton pinafores.

"Come here, my Dinah. You shall have your chance." And Letty sat the little black on her lap.

Now, poor little Dinah had lost a lot of sawdust during her life, and her body was rather limp; so it happened that when the terrible examination began, to Letty's great surprise, Dinah rolled and flopped her head in answer to all the questions. Letty was delighted, and the examination was a very long one; but at the end she caught Dinah in her arms and cried, "Whom do you love best, Dinah?"

And Dinah, whose voice was not broken, answered, "Mam ma."

Then Letty ran laughing to tell Aunt Hilda that it was little black Dinah who was to have the treat after all.

And for several days Letty worked at the new frock; and on the last day of her stay at the old house the five pretty children were packed up in their box; but Dinah went off with her mother to meet the ship.

Letty's father and mother laughed when they saw her waiting for them. They said that one of the last sights they saw on the other side of the sea had been a little black baby in its mother's arms, and it was one of the first sights which met their eyes on their return.

And the other five children did not seem at all jealous of Dinah; they looked just as usual when they were unpacked once more in their own home.

SUN-EYE AND MOON-EYE.

BY G.

Sun-eye was getting quite sleepy.

He had been wide awake ever since a very early hour of that lovely June morning, and it was now getting quite late in the evening.

He had never closed his bright eye for a single moment all the time, for no cloud had flitted across to give him an excuse to do so, and so he felt he would not be sorry when bedtime came.

"Oh dear!" he sighed, as he shook himself a little wearily; "it's very hard work to shine like this the whole day long, and never close one's eye! Really, I feel quite worn, and I'm sure my rays have been getting paler and paler with fatigue. It does seem a long day indeed."

"The longest," remarked the Moon sleepily, with her eye shut.

"Ah! so it is," eagerly replied the Sun; "I had quite forgotten that. Oh well, it's no use my thinking about going to bed yet awhile if that's the case;" and he opened his glittering eye still wider, and threw the loveliest crimson and gold rays all over the sea and sky.

They were so brilliant that they quite roused the little fishes, who were just preparing to go to sleep, and they all came to the surface of the pale green sea and put their heads out to see what was the matter, and all they saw was Sun-eye, shining as brightly as if it were still noonday.

"At this time of night too!" said one indignantly, as he dived below again.

"I thought at least it was fireworks," complained another.

And as there was no fireworks they all went to bed again.

Sun-eye shone his brightest for a little while longer, but he was so tired that gradually the big black bank of cloud, which was his eyelid, closed over his golden eye, and he was asleep for the night.

* * * * * *

Moon-eye woke up then, and began to look about her—rather sleepily at first—but very soon she opened her eye quite wide, and gazed out over the sea, whitening the gleaming sails of a tiny fishing boat, and turning the wings of a homeward-flying seagull into silver as bright as her own pretty eye.

She did not wake up the little fishes, but all through that lovely summer night she kept her quiet watch in the sky, and even the restless little waves grew tranquil under her soft beams, and only crooned their old Mother Ocean's little soft lullabies in their sleep.

And little children who had looked up and laughed in the Sun's glorious eye, only glanced half shyly at gentle Moon-eye, and she laid her pale fingers on their sleepy eyes, and they, too, slumbered.

The little fishes slept the most soundly of all, until Moon-eye went to bed in the dawn, and Sun-eye got up and sent a shaft of brilliant light right down into their beds, and woke them all up in time for breakfast.

UNAPPRECIATED.—A French prima donna, when eating, delights in a big basin of soup smoking hot and well flavored with grated cheese.

On one occasion she was engaged for a few nights at Marseilles, and her first thought on arriving there was to inquire where she could order her favorite dish. She was recommended to patronise a humble restaurant just by the theatre, and, going there, gave her order in person.

At nine o'clock, as arranged, mine host called his serving maid, and placing a gigantic tureen in her hands, told her to take it to Madame G——, on the stage. He added that orders had been given to let her pass with her bowl, and, on the girl's [illegible] that she would recognise the cantatrice, sent her off with the soup.

Everybody gave way before the servant carrying the sacred meal for the "star," when suddenly, between the wings, she caught sight of the prima donna, who was singing the finale of the first act of Lucia [illegible] and his betrothed were just about to begin the passionate scene which brings down the curtain, when the maid entered and placed her tureen on the [illegible]

[illegible]

"Begging your pardon for interrupting you, sir, and the lady—but here's the soup!"

EXTREMES not the man who boasts of his universal and impart al love. He who has no special fondness for country or friend has seldom much for either. In other words, the man who likes every place and every person the same loves no person and no place at all.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

There are 13,668,000 acres of forest in Maine.

In Japan the nose is the only feature which attracts attention.

Liverpool policemen have been ordered to learn shorthand.

From 1881 to 1883, inclusive, there were 105,827 suicides in Germany.

Wasps rank next to the highest classes of ants in point of insect intelligence.

The British Post-office makes fully $20,000 by unclaimed money orders each year.

The United Kingdom, it is reported, spends yearly $750,000,000 on tobacco and cigars.

Eighty thousand trout fed from birth to the age of one year in a hatchery consumes $700 worth of liver.

A Chicago traction company will soon experiment with street cars propelled by compressed air.

A Turkish turban of the largest size contains from ten to twenty yards of the finest and softest muslin.

The House of Commons has at last declared itself in favor of opening the public galleries on Sunday afternoon.

The ear of the Caucasian race is of moderate size, well formed, and neither closely adherent to the head nor projecting.

If pure milk only was sold in London it is estimated that from 20,000 to 30,000 more cows would be wanted to keep up the supply.

Lord Wolseley proposes to begin reform in the British army by abolishing the cocked hats and feathers worn by staff officers.

China supplies Europe with hundreds of tons of human hair annually. Last year the Chinese exported over $600,000 worth of that staple.

At Machias, Me., last week there was a return to the customs of Revolutionary times in the opening of the town meeting with prayer.

The St. Louis City Council has prohibited dairies from being conducted in the city limits because they are supposed to be a menace to health.

In Chinese the letter "i" is said to [illegible] pronounced, and each [illegible]

In the ant-hills of South Africa have been found suspension-bridges passing from one gallery to another and spanning a gulf more than six inches wide.

A few days ago a Moosup, Conn., [illegible], while tearing down an old house in that town, found two silver pieces of money bearing the dates of 1781 and 1782.

In January, 1852, the weather in England was so mild that strawberries were gathered in some gardens near Tynemouth in the first part of that year, and an apple tree at Wallsend, belonging to Mr. Crozier, was covered with blossoms.

After being separated more than forty years a brother and sister were reunited at Middletown, N. Y., last week. The man is a resident of Hartford, Conn., the woman of Middletown. When children they were sent to an asylum, were adopted by different families and thus lost track of each other.

It has been proved that man cannot kill himself by holding his breath. At the worst, the result of the physical discomfort so produced would be a state of coma. When this state was reached nature would reassert herself, and the breathing functions would again resume full activity, preventing a fatal issue in spite of their owner's desire.

The effect of European clothing upon Japanese women is quite remarkable; for whenever it is adopted, modern manners and customs usually go with it. The educated Japanese say that when a native woman adopts modern dress, she insists upon the same treatment and courtesies that her European and American husbands show their wives, and recognizes her as an equal.

The Delaware powder works have been in the Dupont family for three generations, having been founded by the grandfather, who brought from France to this country a formula for manufacturing powder, and successfully established the gloomy and dangerous industry, which for all succeeding time is likely to be the source of the large revenue of his descendants. The Duponts are a grave, brave, sombre race, whose motto is, "I go first." Together with his brothers, Col. Dupont has conducted their perilous business with rare skill and success. Everyone of them knows that every day, while at the works, he takes his life in his hands, but no man of them ever thinks of lying down the responsibility. Even his Senatorial honors were fairly thrust upon Dupont, but once in the fight, he stayed there.

APART.

BY W. W. LORD.

Dark days have come between us,
And now we dwell apart—
Shall we ever tell each other
The secrets of each heart?

The days are long and lonely,
The nights are full of pain;
Dear, they will ever be so
Until we meet again.

MONEY AND MUSIC.

A certain eminent living composer, speaking from his own experience, has told us that poverty is a spur to musical genius. It is to the poor in this world's goods that he would turn for artistic greatness. The poor work hard, they study seriously. Rich people are apt to apply themselves lightly to music, and to abandon the painful toil to which every strong musician must submit unceasingly and without complaint.

No doubt there is a measure of truth about this view of the case. Russell Lowell was wont to say that the two chief sources of inspiration are a full mind and an empty pocket; and although the empty pocket will not help the musician greatly in these days of push and advertising enterprise, it seems to have been at least no hindrance to the composers and artists who lived in the "good old times."

It is not until we come down to quite recent times that we find the composer satisfactorily rewarded for his work. Wagner was the first of the fortunate men. It is true that in his early years his earnings were very small; but when he had made a name for himself he was able to command very substantial sums. From the American ladies who wished an orchestral march for the centenary celebration he obtained a little over $5000; and it is calculated that his regular income during the last years of his life was about $25,000 per annum.

Sir Arthur Sullivan composes an opera score in two months, and the first reward is usually about $60,000 for the first year alone. Sir Arthur is believed to draw about $150,000 a year from his comic operas alone.

It is, however, perhaps in the domain of song-writing that the most interesting figures fall to be quoted. In this branch of composition more than in any other, a success often comes quite unexpectedly, and sometimes the poor composer, if he has parted with his copyright absolutely, is excluded from any share in its pecuniary rewards.

Everybody remembers "Grandfather's Clock," a song which was the "rage" for many a day. Thousands of dollars were made out of it by the musicsellers, and the copyright sold only recently for $2000; but the composer got only a few dollars, and ultimately died in destitution.

The same thing happened in the case of Alexander Hume's beautiful setting of Burns' "Afton Water." It is said he did not receive even the traditional guinea. The composer of "She Wore a Wreath of Roses" sold his copyright for $10, and soon after had the doubtful pleasure of seeing it repurchased by a second publisher for $2500; and for that immensely popular song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," the composer, Mr. F. N. Crouch, received just $25.

"Nancy Lee" was another "Grandfather's Clock" as to popularity, but in this case the composer fared somewhat better. The publisher at first thought $50 a great deal too much for the song, but it is generally understood that subsequently he came to pay pretty nearly $50,000 in the way of royalties to Mr. Michael Maybrick.

Mr. Wellington Guernsey offered his "Alice, where art thou," to several music publishers for a $250 note, but these men of wisdom refused the bargain, only to find, to their sore dismay, that the song eventually attained a sale of between two and three hundred thousand copies. Such cases are constantly occurring.

But it is the popular writers of to-day who make the large incomes out of their songs. Sir Arthur Sullivan was content to part with his first ballads for a few dollars—he sold his popular "Hush thee! my babie," for $25; a successful man, he can now command $3500 down for one song; while from "The Lost Chord" alone it is said that he has realized over $50,000. Signor Tosti, the composer of "For ever and for ever," whose first manuscripts were "declined with thanks," can now command $1250 for a song.

Writers of dance music, especially of waltzes, make large incomes out of their works. The Strauss family have realized a fabulous fortune in this way; and it was reported a year or two back that two English ladies were drawing $6000 per annum each from a couple of waltzes.

It has to be noted, too, that most of our popular song and dance tune composers, in addition to a certain sum down, reserve to themselves the right of a royalty on every copy sold. In this way their income from a particular composition may last for many years.

In these later days the recital pianist, among instrumental performers, is quite leading the way in the matter of figures. Paderewski is, of course, first. When he was in America in 1893 he made $175,000 out of sixty-four recitals.

Just before the Chicago Exhibition opened, Rubinstein was offered $125,000 for fifty recitals in the States, and at that time this sum was quite unprecedented. It was, indeed, very much more than Rubinstein earned on his first American tour, which brought him only $200 per concert.

But pianists' prices have risen greatly in recent years. The best "house" that Von Bulow ever had was $1000; but Rubinstein got a $5000 audience into St. James' Hall in June 1887; and even Hoffman, the prodigy pianist, who had only $350 on his first appearance, attracted no less than $3000 to the same hall in the Jubilee year. M. de Pachmann, again, touched $2000 as his best individual effort in London.

Compare these figures with the fee of $125 paid to "the little Mozart" when he appeared before George III. and his consort in 1764; and even with the $450 which poor Weber, dying on his feet at the time, made out of a benefit concert in London in 1826. So late as 1848, Chopin, dying slowly too, received only $300 for a couple of piano recitals at Manchester, the identical sum which he made out of a single recital in Glasgow the same year.

Grains of Gold.

It is better to give than to receive—advice.

The acts of this life are the destiny of the next.

To work without a plan is a waste of strength.

Never turn the misfortunes of others into ridicule.

The right kind of goodness is always good for something.

The start toward the bad always begins in short steps.

Some people would say more if they didn't talk so much.

No man can be truly brave who is not trying to be truly good.

The man who would be strong in mind, must feed on facts.

A misanthrope is the savage of civilization who feeds on roots.

Only the wicked are anxious to prove that the devil is a myth.

A bushel of notions don't weigh half as much as one stubborn fact.

The truly generous is the truly wise; and he who loves not others lives unblest.

To demand nothing and to complain of no one is an excellent recipe for happiness.

How common it is when a man blunders to correct it by abusing those around him.

There are some people who are the lords and masters of their money, but most people are the servants of it.

Femininities.

The height of Queen Victoria is 4 feet 10 inches.

The average man walks three miles an hour—four feet a second.

When a man is at the top of the ladder there may be a woman at the bottom of it.

Before the rebellion editors were banished from Cuba without the formality of a trial.

A prisoner in a California jail cut off three fingers with a hatchet in order to avoid work.

No man ever thought a woman was an angel, though many of them have lied about it.

A correspondent points out that when sugar is partly burned in a gas flame it is destructive to mice.

For a married man to dream of wearing old clothes means that his wife will soon have a new dress.

About the only credit that most people are entitled to is that they might have been worse than they are.

For whispering in church a young girl in an Ohio town was fined and sentenced to ten days in jail.

A woman at Sag Harbor, L. I., whose body is totally paralyzed, sews, writes and draws with her tongue.

Mrs. Margaret L. Watson, a woman suffragist, is running for the office of City Secretary of Beaumont, Tex.

Hot water as a drink an hour before breakfast and as a face wash at bedtime will do wonders for the complexion.

The newest society fad is to have the features of a man's wife or sweetheart carved on the bowl of his meerschaum.

In a will case in Germany recently a woman kissed the Bible 1200 times—once for each affidavit in her testimony.

In St. Petersburg women are obliged to procure a police permit before they may ride the bicycle in the public streets.

According to medical authorities, three hours of close study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion.

Three women, next-door neighbors, in Granville, Mo., are the mothers of an aggregation of thirty-six children, all living at home.

The wages of working women in Colorado are said to have increased since suffrage was granted them. But they do not yet receive equal salaries with men.

Mayor Strong, of New York, has been presented with a silver baseball badge which will admit him to games of the National League wherever played.

The Turkish mother loads her child with amulets as soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud, steeped in hot water prepared by previous charms, is stuck on its forehead.

A Chicago man on applying for a marriage license found he had forgotten the name of his prospective bride. If the "better half" ever hears of this the man is to be pitied.

The women of this town may be possessed of more than the ordinary share of good sense which belongs to the feminine sex, but they are doing their best to abolish the high hat.

To the boys who are raising heavy crops of hair: The famous men with long hair first made themselves famous, and then raised the hair. You are beginning at the wrong end.

The eight sisters and sisters-in-law of a condemned wife murderer in Cleveland have issued invitations for a leap year party this month for the purpose of raising money with which to fight for a new trial for him.

"I do love the country so much!" remarked Mrs. Goodington; "when we used to preside on what Mr. G. always called the manurial acres it was so nice in the summer time to sit under the ungracious trees, surrounded by fragrant flowers—so different from the diluted air of the city."

"When do you expect to have another inspiration for a poem, Mr. Languid?" said the admiring young woman. "I have one now," was the prompt response. "Oh, isn't that nice! Would you mind telling me what the inspiration is? I hope it is a powerful one." "It is. One of the strongest I have had for some time. It's an offer from an editor of $5 per stanza."

Willie Washington was gazing into space with a look of intense anguish. "What is the matter, Willie?" said one of his friends. "Have you been having trouble?" "Y-a-a-s, I'm afwaid that I've gone and made myself vewy unpopular with Van Diggles and his wife, don't you know?" "In what way?" "Why, you know they both wide a bicycle." "Yes." "In costume." "Certainly." "And I met them this afternoon. They passed me one aftah the othah." "And didn't you speak to them?" "Y-a-a-s. I wish I hadn't, foh, do you know, evewy time I think the mattah ovah I'm half convinced that I lifted my hat and bowed to Van Diggles and said, 'Hello, old man,' to his wife."

Masculinities.

Tennyson was 18 when his first book of poems appeared.

The man who keeps his mouth shut never has to eat any crow.

Never shake hands as if your only idea was to show your strength.

It is quite natural that the lantern-jawed man should excel at light conversation.

The man who is true to his own highest interests cannot be false to those of anybody else.

The farmer in Japan who has more than ten acres of land looked upon as a monopolist.

Scott R. Hayes, youngest son of the ex-President, is a successful electrician in Cleveland.

The Czar of all the Russias owns in fee simple 1,000,000 square miles of cultivated land and enjoys an income of $12,000,000.

Conductors on the principal street car line of San Francisco are forbidden to wear colored shirts, collars or cuffs while on duty.

A man should make his marriage engagement last longer; it is the only time in his life when he can make statements and not be asked to prove them.

By a strange coincidence, the man who drafted Oklahoma's Capital Punishment law has been the first man to receive a death sentence under it.

The egg-swallowing championship of Oregon is held by a man in Dallas, who swallowed twenty-five raw eggs in a few seconds under two minutes.

Professor Henry Jones, upon whom the University of Glasgow has conferred the Degree of LL. D. began life as a shoemaker in a small village in Denbighshire, England.

The owner of an ostrich farm at Anaheim, Cal., is trying to break ostriches to drive in single, double and tandem harness. His efforts are meeting with a great measure of success.

A negro preacher of Richmond, Ky., has kept a record of his travels in the performance of his pastoral duties, and finds that he has covered 83,940 miles in the past thirty-five years.

In Siam, when a funeral is passing, the women take down their hair and unfasten their heads, and the men search in their pockets for a little piece of metal to hold between their teeth.

Many a young man has assured his sweetheart that he would be willing to die for her, and many a girl has realized in after life that a sacrifice of this kind before marriage would have been a blessing.

President Faure and Alphonse Daudet are among the notable Frenchmen who have lately become teetotalers. They have decided that drinking is incompatible with the hard work which brings success.

A resident of Searsport, Me., says, and offers proof of his statement, that his grandfather married a second wife when 94 years old, raised a second family of six children and died at the age of 104.

At Laramie, Wyo., William Akerson, convicted of perjury in connection with an attempt to collect bounty for dogs' hides to which he had sewed the paws of wolves, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

James Buchanan, a fisherman, living on the Duwamish river, in Washington, has recently been bequeathed $15,000 by a Texas cattle raiser. Buchanan was formerly a cowboy on the cattleman's ranch, and saved the lives of the wife and child of his employer.

The average number of working days in a year in various countries is as follows: In Russia, 267; in Britain, 270; in Spain, 290; in Austria, 295; in Italy, 298; in Bavaria and Belgium, 300; in Saxony and France, 308; in Denmark, Norway and Switzerland, 306; in Prussia, 305; in Holland and North America, 308, and in Hungary, 313.

A clergyman in an Eastern town warned his hearers lately "not to walk in a slippery path, lest they be sucked, maelstrom-like, into its meshes!" This metaphor suggests that of another clergyman who prayed "that the word might be as a nail driven in a sure place, sending its roots downward and its branches upward!"

E. Allen Drawbaugh, principal of the Fothergill School, in Steelton, Pa., teaches 77 pupils, and they represent 12 nationalities. There are 33 Americans, two Germans, one Irish, three Polanders, one English, one Syrian, six Italians, six Hungarians, five Bohemians, three Slavonic, four colored and one Arabian. The latter came this week and is from Syria-Tripoli, in Africa.

J. Edward Addicks, the great gas magnate, is personally a charming man, genial, unaffected, easily generous; a stripping, clean-limbed figure, with a strong, florid face; a twinkling, humorous eye; a long, grizzled moustache, and the manner of one who can buy pretty nearly everything in sight. His popularity is immense, and he is very far from being the unstable, feverish and flitting figure his enemies like to picture him.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A charming little coat-bodice with souave front and short, full basque at the back, has the centre of the basque enriched by a fan-plaited insertion of the red and green silk. A pretty drapery of the check silk, lined with white silk, is arranged in the front, forming a stylish cascade on either side at the neck, and is then carried down over the chic little pointed revers to the waist, thus revealing an under vest of white silk enhanced in the centre by a narrow box plait of silk, covered with ivory-colored guipure. The fullness of the silk is drawn down tightly below the waist under a narrow belt of dark red leather, which is drawn through a gold buckle. Eight buttons trim the edge of the souave. The white silk collar is adorned at the back with a cascade of the red and green silk corresponding with the front. The leg-of-mutton sleeve at the wrist has the upper side cut in a deep point, while the under side is rounded; the check silk cuff being plain on the inner side and full at the outside seam produces a very quaint effect.

The very attractive gown is made of dark blue striped taffeta glace. The untrimmed skirt has nine gores and is six yards wide, being lined with plain blue silk and faced ten inches at the foot with stiffening.

The fitted bodice of white satin is veiled with dark blue chiffon, which is gathered down the centre of the front, and the under-arm seams and round the armholes, while the fullness at the back comes from beneath—a graduated box-plait of the taffeta—and is also gathered at the armholes and under-arm seams. A handsome collar of beurre-colored guipure is square at the back with square tabs over the sleeves and deep points at the front, and is adorned on the shoulders with a chou of the chiffon.

The draped chiffon collar is trimmed at the sides with a chou of the same, and is enriched with two tabs of dark blue velvet drooping over the upper edge. In the front, falling from this collar, is a double jabot of the chiffon ornamenting the bodice from the neck to the pointed belt of dark blue velvet, which is slashed at the upper edge, the slashing being bordered by six fine rhinestone buttons. The new sleeve has all the fullness draped high on the arm and trimmed at the hand with a band of velvet, bordered with a puffing of chiffon.

An elegant spring toilette has a very wide nine-gored skirt of gray taffeta silk, ornamented on either seam of the front breadth by a jabot of white lace, falling from the waist to the foot, while two loops of spangled turquoise blue ribbon coming from beneath the belt rest on the upper part of the jabot.

The full corsage of turquoise-blue mousseline de soie is very swell, being embellished in the front by a wide flounce of white lace, which is arranged along the lower edge of the collar, forming a ruffle in the centre of the front from the neck to the bust, with the ends descending at the sides in stylish jabots to the waist. The waistband is of turquoise ribbon, and the draped collar of the same is garnished at the sides by fan plaitings of the mousseline, are richly decorated with jabots of lace falling from the shoulder, and are intermingled with loops of the spangled ribbon. This gown is very effective when carried out in mastic-colored taffeta and rose mousseline de soie.

A stylish dress for a girl 10 years old is made of tan chevoit, trimmed with brown velvet and white guipure lace. The full fluted skirt is encircled a few inches from the edge with a bias band of brown velvet, bordered at the lower edge with the guipure lace.

The full bodice is mounted on a shallow round yoke and has the fullness confined by a narrow velvet belt, which fastens at the right side of the front under a chic bow of the same. Over the yoke is a large velvet collar, cut in deep points and edged with lace that extends across the back in same as the front, and fasten at the back. The leg-of-mutton sleeve is perfectly plain, but is very effective when trimmed with a velvet cuff cut in points and edged with lace to correspond with the collar.

Electric blue serge, trimmed with white satin bands covered with heavy white lace, are the materials selected for the subject of a very neat dress. The wide skirt is perfectly plain.

The full bodice is ornamented in the centre of the front with a band of the lace-covered satin extending from the neck to the belt. A novel cape collar, made of the serge and bordered with the lace, adorns the front and back and projects over the sleeves. A narrow plaiting of the white satin arranged above the falling capes encircles the neck and makes a very dainty finish. The bouffante sleeves are finished with a band of the lace-covered satin, edged with a frill of white satin.

A stylish spring gown suitable for a girl from 12 to 15 years of age is made of grayish-blue diagonal, trimmed with dark blue velvet, silk to match, and two large steel buttons. The full-gored skirt is finished without garniture. The back of the bodice is quite plain, while the fronts are full, being gathered at the shoulders and belt. The fullness opens in the centre, and displays a full vest of silk the same shade as the cloth, either edge being enriched with an accordion-plaited ruffle of the silk, which are pleated under a steel button placed just above the belt. The shoulders are embellished with square-cornered velvet epaulettes edged with the plaited silk ruffles. The collar-band and belt of velvet have a stylish bow at the back. The gigot sleeve has a velvet cuff bordered with the frill.

An attractive little frock for a much younger child is of dark blue serge, unlined and made in the Empire style, with a straight skirt gathered to a yoke of red silk. It is plaited in at the waist and a broad red leather belt is worn with it. The collar band is red silk, and both the collar and yoke are tastefully decorated with dark blue braid. The sleeves have a short puff of the serge at the shoulder, while the tight fitting sleeve is of red silk, richly braided at the wrist. This little frock is very pretty carried out in tan and green or rose and white.

Odds and Ends.

HOME MILLINERY UP TO DATE.

Like all other things, the art of millinery, as practiced at home or abroad, has undergone a change, the greatest change of all, to my mind, being that the necessities of those persons of moderate means, and the chief requirements of the home milliner are provided for in the most popular shops. In earlier days the possibility of making things at home was carefully ignored in the shops, and it was generally inculcated that an educated hand and trained eye were needful to bring the simplest hat or bonnet into existence, and the people who attempted to do things at home were much deterred and depressed by the scorn lavished on their efforts. The worst epithet was, I think, "home-made," and this remains even to day the final apex of all horrible ideas.

Within the last two years we have changed all this, and bonnets and their trimmings can be purchased either together or separately, and so can hats; and, wonder of wonders, the shop assistants will take much trouble in making you understand exactly how the shape they are selling you should be trimmed, and what you must buy to make it look quite up to date. You can have it trimmed too, if you like, for a stated sum, and, altogether, your path is much easier than it would have been some years ago.

The home milliner is really born, though she may make herself if she be sufficiently clever in other ways; and we all know numbers of people who could never trim a bonnet, make a bow, nor put in a flower, if they tried their hardest.

The work of the home-milliner is divided into two departments—the new and the old, and she must know how to make the best of both old and new materials. It is here that she will immediately realize the value of the good, as contrasted with the cheap and poor material. Velvet, especially, should be of the best that our means allow; and the same applies to satin, to ribbon, and to flowers.

The only way to avoid a home-made look is, I think, to try to educate your eye. This is only to be done, and ideas are only to be acquired, by seeing what models you can of the best kind, and from them you have to inform yourself on all the questions of "up-to-date" millinery.

The most important points to observe are—

The general style of the new shapes.

With what description of materials they are trimmed.

And what is the general feature of the decoration (i.e., feathers, or flowers).

Is it high or low? If high, how is the height obtained, by feathers, or bows?

What are the colors, or their combinations?

What are the styles to be avoided? and which are those adopted, or likely to be so, by really nice women? and which, amongst these, are the best and most adaptable to my own particular needs?

Among very simple rules two may be given: First, that a person with a broad face must avoid narrow hats or bonnets, while the face that is thin and narrow will probably find her refuge in rather an excess of trimming, which should not be placed too high above the forehead, but much towards the side or the back.

Certain shapes are very generally becoming. The small princess, the close fitting toque, and what has been known lately as the French sailor hat, which is in reality a sailor, with a brim made to turn over at the edge very slightly: all these are safe, and eminently becoming. They are suitable to both youth and middle age.

The authors of various articles on the subject of "home millinery," as a rule, profess to give rather too much instruction. There are many works on making down lace hats, or bonnets; wiring edges, making buckram, wire, and net shapes, and covering bonnets and hats. Now much of this is quite useless to a perfectly unpractised hand. At present, even covering a shape had better be avoided. If you can find one in jet, fancy straw, or felt, to suit you, do not discourage yourself by aspiring to do too much.

When your bonnet is fully prepared and trimmings planned you must think about your sewing equipment. Plenty of good pins, black and white, remembering that the effect of trimmings must always be ascertained before the final stitching. Indeed I have many home milliners in my mind who never stitch, unless the bow or trimmed be a peculiarly heavy one. A pin or two always suffices. Steel pins are best for pinning velvet, as they make fewer marks. A sharp pair of scissors, and some long milliners' needles; some stout linen thread which is better than either cotton or silk to hold bows together, while it is so strong it does not need so many stitches. Fine black silk for sewing, and fine cotton, and if you are trimming in color you must match it exactly with a sewing silk.

You will often, no doubt, have heard the expression that a bonnet "looks as if it is blown together," it is so light, so fittingly arranged, and so firm as well. Now the secret of this appearance lies in the quickness with which you act, and with which you make up your bow or tie the final knots; do not handle any of your materials, and be sure to be speedy; and make your mind up on the instant. A bow pulled to pieces even once, will never look as fresh as one tied (as the doctors say of the healing process) "with the first intention." Velvet is very easily marked, and lace and net, chiffon and tulle, look limp and shabby with two frequent handling. Try to learn the art of putting in very few stitches, as well as of making one stitch do the work of a great many. And in putting on all trimmings remember that they must be firm, even though the stitches be few.

The first thing to do with your hat is to put in the head lining. Now this is always made of what is called "sarcenet." Half a yard, if cut on the cross, will make several head linings. The width is measured from the head line to the crown of the hat, allowing a quarter-inch hem at the upper side, into which you must run a very narrow China ribbon. Then join up on the wrong side, and put the lining on the wrong side on the head line, and tack it to the straw. Then turn up the lining, and when you have trimmed the hat, draw up the ribbon and tie it in a bow.

Lining the brim of a hat is generally an anxious problem to the "home milliner," and how to do it without wrinkles or drawing is really difficult, without previous practice. The velvet is, of course, piece-velvet and is bought on the straight. Lay the hat downwards upon it smoothly, and cut a round, following the line of the hat, but leaving a turning of about half an inch. Secure with a pin here and there, at the edge, and taking it up, put careful tacking-threads in it to hold it in its place. Cut a hole for the crown, leaving a turning also, and slash this downwards towards the brim, so that a faultless fit may be made when you have tacked and trimmed it. Now begin on the edge of the hat, and pin the lining firmly, while you turn up, and stitch (with invisible stitches) the velvet, or silk, round and round the wire which edges the brim.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LET not sleep fall upon your eyes till you have thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and, in conclusion, at the ill which you have done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

The Weak

The Diseased

MADE STRONG AND HEALTHY

THROUGH

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life; for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, uncured and badly treated Venereal in its many forms, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ringworm, Saltrheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle are within the curative range of this Wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that are continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain, for when once this remedy commences its work of purification and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better appetite improving and flesh and weight increasing.

SCROFULA FROM BIRTH.

Dr. Radway: Dear Sir—It is with pleasure I take my pen in hand to inform you of the great cure effected by your medicine called Sarsaparillian Resolvent. I have a girl three years old last September who has suffered with scrofula ever since she was two years old. In fact, the doctor told us she was born with it. We had our best local doctors with her, and it seemed like all hope was gone, for they told us if the disease settled on her lungs she could not be cured. This frightful disease eated or seized upon her lungs severely. I began to think that our little girl could not live long, our physician's medicines doing no good. In the meantime I received a copy of your medical publication called "False and True," which you sent me. After seeing the accounts of so many cures effected by your treatments, I at once resorted to them, though I could scarcely find any in this country, but I had the luck to get one bottle, and by the time she used it all she was most well. The ulcers that were making their appearance on her body are entirely gone, her lungs almost healed, or at least she has almost quit coughing. She has begun on second bottle and I believe by the time she uses all of it she will be well. She had a very bad cough. If I could have secured this treatment in time I could have saved money by it, but it is a hard matter to get hold of it in this country. I am yours with respect,

SAMUEL S. BARKER
Fist Top, Mercer Co., W. Va.

FEMALE COMPLAINT.

Mrs. B——, from a continual drain on her system, wasted away from 185 pounds to 75 pounds in the course of 14 months. She had used barks, iron, sulphuric acid, quinine and many of the much vaunted nostrums of the day, as well as all kinds of injections, and still grew worse. She commenced the use of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. In one month she gained in weight 10 pounds. Day after day she witnessed an increase of flesh and decrease of waste of Leucorrhea. In two months she was entirely cured of the Leucorrhea, and in six months had gained FIFTY POUNDS IN WEIGHT. She is now in the possession of health and beauty. Let all sick ladies take the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

SKIN DISEASES, HUMORS AND SORES

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Tetters, Rash, Pimples, Blotches, Prickly Heat, Acne and Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors of all kinds, so quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL! THE BEST!

One bottle contains more of the active principle of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

That splendid publication "Music" in its April number, like as with all its previous issues is crowded from cover to cover with most interesting and valuable articles on its chosen subject. Published at Chicago.

One of the very best novels of the year is "The Broom Squire," by S. Baring Gould. It has a plot full of sensation and romance beginning at the first page and continuing to the last. It has an odd but good plot and its drawing of the peculiar English characters who take part are the work of a master, while its description of the wierd places and scenes introduced are more vivid than pictures. Of pictures by the way it contains many that have the life-like form of actual photographs. It is a splendid book in all respects. Published by The F. and A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Wanamaker.

The complete novel in the April issue of "Lippincott's" is "Flotsam" by Owen Hall. The scene shifts from England to India and Australia. "The Vivisectionist," by Carolyn Wells, describes the conduct of a novelist whom no scruples deter in the search for literary material. Among other excellent matter in an illustrated supplement, it treats of "The Washingtons in Virginia Life. Published in this city.

We are just in receipt of the 1896 issue of Dauchy & Company's Newspaper Catalogue. This is a large volume of 710 pages, well bound in cloth, carefully printed from large and clear type, and on heavy paper; so that, mechanically, nothing better could be desired. The statistics are very conveniently arranged, while a ruled space for memoranda against each paper makes this catalogue most useful. This Newspaper Catalogue is a credit to its publishers, Messrs. Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York, from whom it can be obtained.

In Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for April Mr. Wells brings his account of "Taxation in Literature and History" down through the middle ages. Mr. Spencer concludes his series of papers on "Professional Institutions." Prof. Lombroso has written an account of "The Savage Origin of Tattooing." The numerous other articles illustrated and unillustrated are of a similar high character and the minor departments are well filled as usual. Published at New York.

Among the best of many good articles in the Quiver are "In a Cubicle," by Rev. Frederick Hastings; "The Penniless Poor," "Our Irish Friends," "The Cruel Past," "An Early English Missionary," and "The Cluttering Family." Published at New York.

The Lyman D. Morse Advertising Agency of New York City, whose reputation among advertisers and publishers is world wide, have just issued the twelfth annual edition of their "Advertisers' Handy Guide" (Size 4x6½, over one inch in thickness and contains 777 pages.) Price $2.00 In addition to the general list of daily and weekly papers will be found special lists of class publications. This admirable compilation is very valuable to advertisers and reflects great credit on the Lyman D. Morse Advertising Agency.

"Cassell's Family Magazine" for April opens with an attractive illustrated paper entitled "Pictures of Sailors and the Sea." The serial, "The Missing Witness," is continued and there are other interesting articles including three excellent short stories. Published at New York.

My Cousin Isabel.

BY T. M. M.

"YOU might do worse than take Theodore Melville, Isabel," said I, gravely; to my pretty cousin, the day after an evening party at which we had both been guests.

"Take Theodore Melville?" she repeated in amazement, and with a loud musical laugh. "You cannot possibly be serious, my dear cousin? I should as soon think of marrying old Mr. Graves, although he is ancient enough to be my grandfather. No, no, Henry; none of your Melvilles for me. Were he the only man living, I would not have him!"

I made no reply to this bold declaration; but sighed, and gladly changed the subject. Merry, light-hearted, coquettish cousin Isabel! Alas! little did she know the worth of the man whom she so lightly esteemed.

He was my particular and intimate friend. We had been at college together; and I knew him to be one of the best, as well as cleverest of men living. From that hour I vowed gentle vengeance on my pretty cousin.

Poor Theodore! He had an idea that he was generally disliked. How it happened that such a thought had taken possession of his imagination, I have never yet been able to discover. Certain it is, however, that he allowed this whim so to prey upon his mind, that it must ultimately have worried him into downright misanthropy, but for an unexpected incident, of which anon.

Theodore was by no means the unprepossessing individual you would deem likely to excite such a feeling in the breasts of those with whom he associated. If his manner was grave and reserved, it was, at all events, free from affectation or stilted pride.

His address, though imbued, with a certain quiet dignity, conveyed not the slightest impression of haughtiness; on the contrary, he was equally affable to persons of all conditions. Quiet he was, on ordinary occasions, seldom venturing to intrude his opinions; but this did not arise so much from bashfulness as from the studious and thoughtful character of his mind.

When he did enter into conversation, however, seldom have I heard tongue discourse so fluently without loquacity, so plainly without vulgarity, or so eloquently without affection. Upon such occasions he seemed a totally different individual from the reserved and taciturn Theodore. His features appeared to dilate and brighten; and his mild, dreamy, contemplative grey eye, was lighted up with an expression of the richest intelligence.

I have said that Theodore had been formerly a fellow-student of mine. He was now a rising young barrister, whose professional success I knew could only be a question of time. I was in business with my father, who was the senior partner of one of the largest mercantile houses in the city.

I was accustomed to look upon Isabel more as a sister than as a cousin. She was an orphan, and the only daughter of my father's brother, upon whose death my father had adopted her; and now she formed one of our very happy family circle.

My father had a delightful county seat about twenty miles out of town. The house was situate in a very sweet and picturesque locality, and was surrounded by spacious grounds, laid out in the most approved and tasteful manner.

About a month after the conversation to which I have alluded, I abruptly informed Cousin Isabel one morning at breakfast, that I had invited Theodore Melville to take a week's holiday at my father's place. She elevated her pretty nose, pouted her rosy lip, "wondered what I could see in the man," and so forth; but come Theodore did, and that very afternoon too.

My mother and the rest of the family were absent from home at the time, sojourning at a fashionable watering-place, a hundred miles distant; consequently, my lady Isabel had to do the honors of the house. To add to her chagrin, I had not returned from town when Theodore arrived; accordingly, my fair cousin was the only member of the family at home to receive the expected guest.

To this day Isabel asserts that this awkward coincidence was the result of deliberate design on my part; and, as circumstances have now rendered the accusation a very harmless one, I have ceased to deny the "soft impeachment." At the same time, I must do myself the justice to say, that the event was purely accidental, and arose from the simple fact of my missing the early train.

I found my cousin and Theodore walking in the orchard together. They appeared to be absorbed in earnest conversation, and did not observe my approach until I was within a couple of paces from them.

What they were talking about I don't know, but I confess it was with the utmost difficulty I maintained my gravity as I apologized to my friend for my absence at the time of his arrival.

Doubtless Isabel guessed my thoughts; for she colored slightly, with an expression of face between laughing and crying, while she gave me a look which seemed to say she defied my utmost powers of ridicule.

She soon found some excuse for leaving my friend and me to enjoy the company of each other, and the reminiscences of our college days which were brought up in the course of conversation were too interesting to allow us the opportunity of missing even my charming cousin. I noticed, however, that, for the next two or three days, she seemed to avoid poor Theodore as much as was consistent with politeness.

At the end of that time my mother and the family returned from sea-bathing quarters; and, the evening after their arrival, we gave a party to a large number of friends. There were delightful girls there in every possible variety, and nice young fellows to talk soft nonsense to them, and make love without any particular "intentions."

Every young man seemed to find a suitable partner that evening; and, as for me—stay, did I say every young man? No, there was one exception.

Poor Theodore Melville! I saw at a glance where he was; seated in a corner of that spacious drawing-room, near the door, with my cousin's album spread out before him, which he pretended to survey with the most pleasurable emotions. You will say he was a foolish fellow; he ought to have acted as the other young men did. No doubt but you are right; but you must bear in mind that the others did not labor under an impression that they were objects of general dislike.

I knew he was miserable, and was making towards him with the intention of rating him soundly for his stupidity, when, to my amazement, whom should I see approach him and lay her fair hand gently on his shoulder but my saucy little Isabel!

"It is a lovely moonlight night, Mr. Melville," she said in a half-whisper, but I heard her. And she smiled—not that roguish mischievous laugh of hers—but a quiet unaffected smile. "I am going on to the terrace for a few minutes," she continued; "will you come? I want to show you that little rose-bush in my basket. You will be surprised what a difference those three days of fine weather have made in it."

Theodore did not require a second invitation, but, rising from his seat with a countenance beaming with gratitude, he accompanied my cousin out on to the terrace.

I know it was very contemptible part I played, but I must finish my narrative now that I have got so far. It was the first and last time I ever played the part of eavesdropper, but this little episode so interested and amused me that the temptation was too strong for my powers of resistance. I followed the two at a short distance, and, by dodging behind some bushes, contrived, unobserved, to overhear their conversation.

"You must do me the kindness to write something in my album, Mr. Melville," commenced my cousin.

"Alas, Miss Isabel!" replied Theodore, with a sigh, "you flatter me too highly by the request. It were cruel to cloud your sunny pages with the ideas of such a gloomy fellow as I am."

"But you're not really gloomy, are you?" she said, looking up with innocent gravity into his face.

The question seemed a puzzling one, for Theodore did not immediately for he averted his face from her, and pressed his hands against his excited forehead. As for Isabel, I wish I could have approached near enough to scrutinise her face; for I believe the tears were by this time trickling down her pale cheeks. When at length she spoke her voice was very tremulous, and it seemed to require the utmost effort on her part to repress an occasional sob.

"Mr. Melville," she said, laying her little hand softly on his arm, "Mr. Melville, listen to me You do me great injustice, indeed you do. I have not willingly avoided you; but I knew you were so good, so clever, that I felt I was unworthy to——"

"Unworthy!" he repeated, in apparently intense excitement, "you unworthy, Miss Isabel! I know of nothing too good, or too noble for your worth; you would grace the throne of a monarch. Oh, Isabel!" he continued, passionately, taking her hand in his, "the moment has come when I must tell you, if language can afford expression to a question so intense, tell you how wildly, how distractedly I have loved you. 'Tis you, and you only, who can give solace and comfort to a heart chilled by the coldness and wounded by the indifference of a world that misunderstands it. But with you, Isabel——"

I lost the remainder of this interesting scene, for the voices and footsteps of some of the guests were now approaching close to my place of concealment, from which, to avoid detection, I hastily withdrew, and returned to the ball-room with feelings in a state of topsy-turvy, more easily imagined than described.

It was quite half an hour before Theodore and my cousin returned. My mother seemed to have a kind of intuitive perception of what had been going on, and with the delicacy characteristic of most of her sex, forbore to question Isabel as to the cause of her long absence.

I suppose I thought by feigning ignorance to divert the slightest suspicion from myself, for, marching up boldly to Isabel, I asked in a tone of authority, "Wherever have you been, cousin? I thought you were lost."

"Don't be inquisitive, sir," she replied, with a saucy laugh: but she blushed a little, and looked very happy, I thought.

Not many minutes elapsed, however, before poor Theodore drew me on one side, and, with tears of joy in his eyes, told me all. Ah! now I was avenged on my wicked little cousin!

* * * * * *

They are married now—married and happy: and I, too, am happy in witnessing their contentment. When will my turn come? Heigh-ho! I believe I am getting gray, and, unless a kind fate intervenes, must shortly become that most forlorn of all created things—an old bachelor!

THE bright spots of a man's life are few enough without blotting any out; and since for a moment of mirth we have an hour of sadness, it were a sorry policy to diminish the few rays that illumine our chequered existence. Life is an April day—sunshine and showers. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield fruit were it not watered by the tears of sensibility, and the fruit would be worthless but for the sunshine of smiles.

THE GREAT WILD WEST.

The Hon. Wm. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," whom older readers of the Post will remember as having written a most interesting story of Western life for this paper, about a score of years ago, begins his annual tour of the country with his famous Wild West and World's Riders Exhibition, Saturday, April 18, at the spacious grounds, 11th and York streets, Philadelphia. As great as this magnificent historic object lesson has been in the past, this year it is larger and finer than ever. Not to speak of the Indian cowboys, scouts, and other picturesque features of frontier life introduced, Mr. Cody's collection of cavalry riders from all the principal nations and armies under the sun is an aggregation unprecedented in the annals of public shows and as interesting as it is rare.

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When is a ship like a scarf-pin—When it is on the breast of a heavy swell.

It is said that good musicians execute their music, while bad ones murder it.

More-bid taste—The passion some women have for attending auctions.

Why is a fly one of the tallest of insects?—Because he stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

A youngster mischievously set the family piano on fire. By playing on it vigorously the flames were extinguished.

Men are frequently like tea—their real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.

When a husband takes the train as he wends his way homeward after the fatigues of the day, may it not be said that he is training himself in the way he should go?

An Alabama paper publishes the following notice: "Married, at Flintstone, by the Rev. Windstone, Mr. Nehemiah Sandstone and Miss Wilhelmina Egglestone, both of Limestone."

"Don't you think these paintings are badly hung?" asked one gentleman of another, at a recent art exhibition.

"Badly hung! Yes, horribly executed!" was the reply.

Professor: When is the best time for gathering apples?

Young student: Please, sir, when the farmer's back is turned and there is no dog in the orchard.

Teacher with reading-class. Boy, reading: "And as she sailed down the river——"

Teacher: "Why are ships called 'she?'"

Boy, precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex: "Because they need men to manage them."

Nell: Did you enjoy the Easter services?

Belle: No; the usher took me away up front and I couldn't see any of the bonnets.

Nell: Well he seated me away back, where nobody could see mine.

A stranger asked a resident in Milford, Delaware, "Are you always troubled with mosquitoes here?"

"Mosquitoes!" was the answer. "Swing a pint measure around all day, and you'll catch a quart of them."

A Detroit boy laid an umbrella with a cord tied to it in a public doorway. Eleven persons thought the umbrella was theirs, and carried it with them the length of the string. They then suddenly dropped it, and went off without looking back or stopping to pick it up.

"Is this seat retained?" asked an exquisite of an elderly lady at an evening concert.

"I don't know," said she, hastily running her hand with a great deal of feeling over the surface, "it feels mostly like plush, but you can't always tell."

"Farewell!" cried the close-fisted rejected suitor; "though we may never meet again I shall always cherish the happy hours I have spent with you."

The maiden smiled.

"And the dollars you didn't spend," she murmured sotto voce.

It is said that, in consequence of the great wickedness of the people of Kerry, St. Patrick could not enter the county to bless it, but stood upon a hill overlooking that part of the country, and said, "I bless county Kerry in the distance." To tell this story to a Kerry man is well calculated to disturb his equanimity.

Some children were overheard discussing the Sunday services in the fashionable church at which the family worshipped.

"Well, now," said the seven-year-old boy, "I must say I should like to know what the sermon is for."

"Why, Harry, don't you know?" answered his five-year-old sister. "It's to give the singers a rest, of course."

There is an amusing story told of the latest production of pictures by Parisian artists, doubtless by way of satire on the way in which certain painters "pull the wool" over the eyes of the public. One artist, it is said, has covered a canvas with nothing whatever but a thick cloud of black paint, in which nothing is distinguishable, and he proposes to exhibit the canvas under this title—"Night attack of negroes on black troops in Dahomey."

A Parisian merchant who has been several times robbed by unfaithful cashiers has invented an infallible test of competency. The cashier presents himself, offers his services, shows his references. Then the merchant—"Show me how you would erase a mistake in your figures." The aspiring cashier sets to work with scraper, ink-eraser, and what not, and, if he succeeds in destroying all trace of the erasure, he is invited to take his hat and leave.

VERY EXTRAVAGANT.—By far the most extravagant diner in the world is Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey. His table expenses in the course of a year are enormous.

It is the most costly table, in all probability, that any country has ever seen, particularly as his Majesty is not a sociable man and very rarely has guests or visitors.

The Sultan does not even have a dining-room or dining-hall. Turkish custom among the higher classes is for servants to bring the meals to wherever the diners may be, and in the palace of Stamboul the menials at the dinner hour first search out his Majesty and then in long procession bring the banquet, table and all.

The table is a silver one, and perhaps the most exquisite table that has ever been made. It precedes the procession, borne in upon the shoulders of lower-grade servants. Following come a long line of cooks' assistants. On the heads of these Orientals are large tablets on which the platters are placed. Such a perfect balance do they keep that an accident such as the breaking of a dish has never been known.

The waiters lift the platters from the tablets and present each dish to his Majesty, bowing low. The dishes are covered and sealed with the imperial seal, which is put on in the kitchen by the Grand Vizier, the idea being that the Sultan may be certain that his food has not been poisoned or tampered with.

The dishes are all set upon the table, vegetables, meats, ices and confitures, and arranged in front of his Majesty without any regard to courses or ordinary dinner regulations. The Sultan is a total abstainer, and never has wine on the table.

PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES.—A clergyman, well known for his love of "horse-flesh," was driving through a country village the other day, breaking in a new horse, when he overtook a doctor of his acquaintance on foot.

"Jump in, doctor," he cried, pulling up, "I've got a horse here that is a perfect treat to sit behind."

The doctor jumped in, and the parson drove off.

The horse was "a treat" in the sense of speed and skittishness, and presently stood stock still, and shot both hind legs underneath the trap, splitting it to pieces and throwing out both occupants.

The doctor jumped to his feet, feeling himself all over to see if he was injured. The man of cloth also got upon his feet.

"Look here!" exclaimed the doctor, "what on earth do you mean by inviting me to ride behind a horse like that?"

"Well, you see," gasped the jovial cleric, "luckily there are no bones broken; but when breaking in a bogger like this I like to have a doctor with me, you know!"

OUTRON is a dangerous and treacherous schoolmistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority; but having, by this gentle and humble beginning, with the benefit of time, fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious, tyrannic countenance, against which we have not the courage to lift up our eyes.

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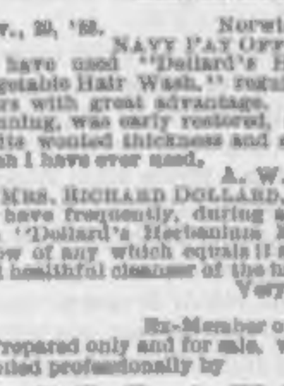

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For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 5.00 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.15 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express, 8.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.30, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 4.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.30, 8.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 9.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1836 Chestnut street, 629 S. Third street, 3862 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

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The Crown is the only Piano which contains the Wonderful Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier, the greatest invention of the age and by the use of which you can imitate perfectly the Harp, Zither, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Clavicord, Dulcimer, Spinet, Harpsichord, Music Box, Autoharp, Bag Pipe, Etc.

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Don't buy a Piano or Organ until you hear and examine a "Crown" and get prices.

Good Wives grow fair in the light of their works, especially if they use SAPOLIO: It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes. All grocers keep it.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST by many a woman who strives to please her household and works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. If she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.